# The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 36 NO. 6 JUNE 1949

# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 36, NO. 6 JUNE 1949

# *Sweet Memory*

*Dorothy J. Roberts*

I recall him, true and wise,
The lad from long ago who cries
A starry beauty back to me
Through ribboned lanes of memory.
When twinkling pools of rain would hide
Their stumbling depths from me, as guide,
He steered my elbow in his palm.
He poured his simple faith as balm
To heal my budding discontent
And lit a maiden's wonderment.

I never hear him in the dark,
Moving now, nor could I mark
His lightened footfalls should they pass,
Still as shadows over grass
Or midnight sparrow under eaves.
Yet often when catalpa leaves
Are shielding their ethereal bloom,
I drift from this dissolving room
And walk with him a country lane,
A summer evening washed with rain.

The Cover: "Talisman Rose," Photograph by Josef Muench.

# A Measuring Rod for Growth

*Blanche B. Stoddard*

Member, Relief Society General Board

[Address delivered at the annual general Relief Society conference in the Tabernacle, Thursday afternoon, September 30, 1948.]

THIS morning we had a wonderful demonstration of the growth of our building fund which will make possible the realization of a great Relief Society dream. For a moment this afternoon, I would like to speak of a measuring rod for our own individual growth, the following of which may make it possible for us to realize some of our dreams.

We have a beautiful song which says: "I know that my Redeemer lives, and because he lives, I, too, shall live again." The sacrifice of Jesus has ensured the resurrection. We shall literally live again. But his coming has brought to us another kind of living, a rich, full, abundant living that we do not have to wait to enjoy in some hereafter.

Before the tme of Jesus the old Mosaic Law was in effect, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," but Jesus brought us the greater law of love, of tolerance, and forgiveness. He gave us the key for this rich, abundant life, and his gospel is highly practical. It is something that we can put into our daily lives and really live, and it is a strange thing, is it not, that we hold to perfection in obedience to natural law. We just take for granted that if we obey certain laws we get certain results. But we do not always do that in regards to this great law of love.

For instance, if I want to bake a cake, I must have certain ingredients and certain proportions, and if I skimp or leave out one I do not get a good cake.

My husband is a builder. If he wants good concrete he must have cement, sand, and water, and if he leaves out any of these he has not good concrete. If you want to send a special delivery letter you must have a thirteen-cent stamp, a ten-cent stamp is not enough. If we want a pound we must have sixteen ounces; fourteen will not do. And it is said that one-thousandth of an inch variation in the building of an engine shaft will cause enough friction to ruin it.

SO, do I fool the oven with short measure recipes? Does my husband fool the sun with short measure concrete? Do we fool the laws of harmony when we play false notes? We fool only ourselves. Then why can we not accept this same procedure in following exactly and completely this great law of love which encompasses all others? Why cannot we take for our formula of life: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," a formula just as exact and scientific as any other? To solve it does not entail great sacrifice or noble and heroic deeds, just the will to live from day to day with

the happiness of others as our goal, and in reaching it we will find our own greatest happiness.

So let us take that formula for our measuring rod and as the years go by, at intervals let each of us ask himself, have I grown in love this past year? Is it easier for me to love all men, all classes, all nations? Am I as kind in my home and thoughtful as I could be? Can I tell those I love that I do love and appreciate them? Or, is it too much bother? Am I as kind in my judgment as I ought to be?

And it seems to me, sisters, this last is a keynote for our happiness, to be kind in our judgment of each other. It is said that we judge other people by their actions; ourselves by our intentions, and that is not fair, is it? If we were willing to judge other people by their intentions we could never judge, because we cannot possibly know what is in another's heart.

One day my little daughter came running into the house and said, "Mother, Joyce says I am spoiled."

And I said, "Well, Judy, I have heard you say a dozen times that Joyce is spoiled."

She did not answer for a second or two and then she said, "Well, but she is."

A fine old English convert moved into one of our wards a few years ago and had been there but a short time when the bishop asked him to take charge of the sacrament table for the following month. He was so thrilled to think that he was worthy, but some of the sisters in the ward went to the bishop and said: "This man is not worthy to handle the sacrament. He smokes."

He had been a heavy smoker all of his life but now he had joined the Church and he was trying so hard, and these women did not know what his wife knew. Day after day she would see him out in his garden down upon his knees with the tears streaming down his face, praying for strength to leave the cigarette alone. He had conquered and he was worthy, but they did not know it.

When we moved to Salt Lake a number of years ago we lived next door to a sister who held a very high position in the Church, but she did not go to sacrament meeting. She did not go to Relief Society meeting. She did not visit the poor and the needy. She did not do any of the things I thought she should in the position she held. It seemed to me she just rocked on her front porch day after day, and I was quite free in my criticism of her. But I awakened one morning to find that she had died in the night with cancer that I knew nothing about. That is why she could not do the things she wanted to do. So let us be kind in our judgments of each other.

REMEMBER this morning in the closing prayer, Sister Cowley implored the Lord that we might guard our tongues. Most of the trouble and unhappiness that come in our association together is because of our unguarded tongues, the unkind things we say.

Our pioneer grandmothers had a code. They prayed: "Lord, keep us from pettiness. Help us to be big in thought and word and deed." And it might help us to remember this, that great minds discuss ideals,

average minds discuss events, small minds discuss people.

I wish we would remember and teach our children that to find happiness we must seek it in a focus outside ourselves, the kindly visit to those in trouble, the needed praise to the timid. To give aid to those in distress rather than to seek my own comfort—that must be something that Jesus would have me do, and to speak words of understanding to those bowed down is what he would do if he came among us today. So let us not miss him on the way, because the selfish pursuit of our own plans will guide us away from his path.

Look about you. Who are the neurotics among us? Not these sisters on the stand, not our Relief Society officers, our auxiliary workers, not our bishopric, not our First Presidency. They are too busy serving others to feel sorry for themselves. And men are only great as they are kind, and the more kind the more Christ-like. And I am sure we have no finer example in all the world than our beloved Prophet of today who is with us this afternoon. He is known all over this world as a kindly man who loves the children of his Father in heaven.

I do so want to tell a sweet little story about him, and I do not have his permission, but I do have his daughter Edith's, so maybe President Smith can settle with her. Edith went to pick him up at his office, on a winter night, and he put on his hat and said he was ready to go. And she said, "Where is your overcoat?"

He said, "I haven't any."

She said, "Papa, where is your new overcoat?"

And he said, "Well, I went out at noon and I met a man on the street who was cold and shivering and did not have a coat and I gave him mine."

So Edith wrapped a shawl around him and took him home, and I am sure she must have wrapped it around him with special tenderness that night, thankful for the great heart within her father.

So we must let ourselves be touched by the spirit of the Master, that we may speak words of kindness and appreciation to those we meet in the common walks of life.

The Master said, "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God." And the peacemakers are those who, having love and sympathy for men, are always trying to get them to understand and love each other and to co-operate with their Heavenly Father to obtain a family relationship here among his children on earth, as sons and daughters of God, with mankind a family and a universal home and the kingdom of God here on earth.

There is such an opportunity to serve all about us, and it is not always enough to do the little things we have to do. The real joy comes in doing the things we do not have to do.

NOT long ago I was riding on a bus down Ninth South. It was raining. We got in the middle of a block and a blind man was groping with his white cane to get off the curb and across that busy street. Our bus driver stopped the bus and got

out and helped him across, came back and got in and we went on. Not a word was said, but I am sure every heart on that bus was warmed because he did not have to do that little thing, and I imagine dozens of motorists had whizzed by this blind man and probably thought, poor man, I hope he makes it, but the bus driver did something about it.

President Smith has given a definite assignment to Relief Society to spiritualize the homes of the Latter-day Saints, but we must start with our own by teaching therein the gospel of Christ. And we all heard Brother Howard Driggs say here in our conference two years ago that the spirit of the gospel is caught, not taught.

It is easy to admire the teachings of Jesus. It costs no effort and it satisfies our yearning for the ideal. It is likewise easy to discuss him and his principles. Day after day and week after week, in our Church organizations, we listen to the great truths of his teachings, but when we have to dig down to build upon the rock; when we try loving our enemies instead of getting even with them, how different we find it. Yet we know it is the doing of these things that is the final test of our character and is the measuring rod of our growth, and though we cannot do all the things that Jesus did we can have faith in him. Though we cannot perform the miracles he did, we can still grow more like him who went about doing good.

As we study the precepts of our Savior, seeds of kindness and forgiveness are sown in our hearts. Then let us act upon them that they may bring forth their fruit. Then we must ask ourselves if we have grown in love these past years, and as we go among our fellows may our lives silently and surely influence others until the whole earth is leavened.

Not very long ago Brother Stoddard and I were coming home from San Francisco and it was necessary to drive all night, so I took the wheel for about a hundred miles while he rested, and I was amazed at the great system of beacon lights and warnings on our great desert, warnings to the aviators and the motorists. And I noticed something else as I drove along that night, and you notice the next time you are out, that all these metal markers along the side of the road and these curve signs, they are just dark, dull metal. They do not mean a thing until our light flashes on them, then immediately they send back their warning to us.

Now our Heavenly Father has put his guideposts all along the way, the Word of Wisdom, the law of chastity, of forgiveness, of tolerance and service, but they will not mean anything to us unless our lights are on. So let us keep them shining brightly and grow each day more like him, and be sure our measuring rod is big and broad.

May our testimony of Jesus be the kind of which he would approve, a testimony clearly spoken through our lives, and may his principles of living, his example of helping others to the more abundant life, become our own life purpose, I humbly pray.

# Contest Announcements—1949

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest and the Relief Society Short Story Contest are conducted annually by the general board of Relief Society to stimulate creative writing among Latter-day Saint women and to encourage high standards of work. Latter-day Saint women who qualify under the rules of the respective contests are invited to enter their work in either or both contests.

The general board would be pleased to receive entries from the outlying stakes and missions of the Church as well as from those in and near Utah. Since the two contests are entirely separate, requiring different writing skills, the winning of an award in one of them in no way precludes winning in the other. It is suggested that authors who plan to enter the contest study carefully the articles on creative writing which appear in this *Magazine*, and also similar articles in the June issues for 1947 and 1948: "The Art of Poetry Writing—A Symposium of Opinions," page 370, June 1947, and "We Want to Write," page 375, June 1947; "For Makers of Rhythmic Beauty," page 370, June 1948, and "You Can Write a Prize Winner," page 372, June 1948.

## *Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest*

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest opens with this announcement and closes September 15, 1949. Prizes will be awarded as follows:

First prize .....$25
Second prize .....$20
Third prize .....$15

Prize poems will be published in the January 1950 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*.

Prize-winning poems become the property of the Relief Society general board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the general board. The general board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, exclusive of members of the Relief Society general board, and employees of the Relief Society general board.

2. Only one poem may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The poem must not exceed fifty lines and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done, it should be legibly written. Only one side of the paper is to be used. (A duplicate copy of the poem should be retained by contestant to insure against loss.)

4. The sheet on which the poem is written is to be without signature or other identifying marks.

5. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the poem.

6. Each poem is to be accompanied by a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

7. A *signed statement is to accompany the poem submitted, certifying:*
   a. That the author is a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
   b. That the poem (state the title) is the contestant's original work.
   c. That it has never been published.
   d. That it is not in the hands of an editor or other persons with a view to publication.
   e. That it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

8. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

9. The judges shall consist of one member of the general board, one person from the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among judges, all poems selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the poems, consideration will be given to the following points:

   a. Message or theme
   b. Form and pattern
   c. Rhythm and meter
   d. Accomplishment of the purpose of the poem
   e. Climax

10. Entries must be postmarked not later than September 15, 1949.

11. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

# *Relief Society Short Story Contest*

THE Relief Society Short Story Contest for 1949 opens with this announcement and closes September 15, 1949.

The prizes this year will be as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| First prize | $50 |
| Second prize | $40 |
| Third prize | $30 |

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1950. Prize-winning stories become the property of the Relief Society general board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the general board. The general board reserves the right to publish any of the other stories entered in the contest, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to Latter-day Saint women—exclusive of members of the Relief Society general board and employees of the general board—who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication.

2. Only one story may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The story must not exceed 3,000 words in length and must be typewritten. (A duplicate copy of the story should be retained by contestant to insure against loss.)

4. The contestant's name is not to appear anywhere on the manuscript, but a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address is to be enclosed with the story. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

5. *A signed statement is to accompany the story submitted certifying:*
   a. That the author is a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
   b. That the author has had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication. (This statement must give name and date of

publication in which the contestant's work has appeared, or, if not yet published, evidence of acceptance for publication.)

c. That the story submitted (state the title and number of words) is the contestant's original work.

d. That it has never been published, that it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

6. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the story.

7. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait for two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

8. The judges shall consist of one member of the general board, one person from the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among the judges, all stories selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the stories, consideration will be given to the following points:

a. Characters and their presentation
b. Plot development
c. Message of the story
d. Writing style

9. Entries must be postmarked not later than September 15, 1948.

10. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Short Story Contest, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

## *Temple Shadows*

*Lizabeth Wall*

It casts a cool, long shadow on the grass,
This great, gray, kindly Temple I have found.
Beyond the gates I hear the people pass;
All up and down the busy street, the sound
Of traffic beats a city-sad refrain.
But those who walk the paths beneath these walls
Shall seek this place again . . . and yet again
To find sure comfort where the shadow falls.

This soft, green shadow holds a gentle peace
That all the tangled world is searching for.
Here is the answer, here is all release,
Escape from pain . . . or fear . . . or any war.
The Temple hears each lost, bewildered cry,
And reaches up to find God in the sky.

## *Roses Wet With Rain*

Grace Sayre

Beyond the poignancy of grief,
When storm shall harass and oppress,
A loveliness shall blossom forth
To greet the heart's caress.
And with the joy of it the pulse
That beats anew and aches the throat,
Swells to sing its happiness
In quickened, lilting note,
And memory, forgetting pain,
Remembers roses wet with rain.

# Points for Poets to Remember

*Eva Willes Wangsgaard*

Author of *Singing Hearts, Down This Road, After the Blossoming, Within the Root*

EVERY published poem has won a contest because it was chosen from many contributions, the greatest percentage of which had to be sent back.

What makes a poem? Chiefly emotion and originality (that originality inherent in personality, which is the only originality since Eve), clothed in appropriate and effective words and arranged in a form suitable to the subject.

Suppose we want to write a poem, what do we seek first? The idea with the poet's personality attached to it, what she feels and thinks about a particular situation, circumstance, heartbreak, or other experience. How do we go about it? We con it over very close to our hearts, letting it stir and grow from the very depths of our beings, thinking, utterly alone, far removed in thought from surroundings, people, and things, until the idea is rooted and sprouting. The chances are that it will somehow know whether to be an oak or a maple, just as a seedling does.

I let a poem take its form from the emotion it rouses in me and hope that it will stir my readers to feel what I am feeling. But if it does not choose the proper form, it is a cripple and will not produce the desired effect.

Some poets build poems with a conscious choice of form to fit the emotion they expect to arouse. If you choose your form, then do it surely. In order to do this you must make yourself a master of form. Any good rhyming dictionary carries a chapter or two on meter, forms, and patterns, with a discussion of what scholars have learned about their use and effects on readers.

Also, any poet who wishes to increase the quality and effectiveness of her work should provide herself with a good basic textbook on poetry writing and should study it diligently. All of us have poetic ideas, but we must *learn* to express these ideas in a way which will be understandable and pleasing to others. A technical training is just as essential for poetry as it is for music or painting or sculpture or any of the other arts. Practice in following the various forms and patterns of poetry will make them so much a part of you that they will be waiting inside to come when you need them.

Many poems appeal because of their form and rhythm which make the reader feel the sensation the poet wishes to portray. Activities such as swinging, flying, rowing, walking, have inherent rhythms. Poems need portray no very deep philosophy if they stir the reader with emotion and memories.

Many poets object to strict forms in poetry as a hindrance to thought processes, but I find form an aid to good results. It furnishes the music which is the chief agent in stirring emotion and it disciplines the poet to choose her words carefully. In order to fill the form to its fullest

capacity a poet must think deeply and prune conscientiously. This makes for better thinking, deeper feeling, and so, of course, for better poetry. However, if a poet lazily fills in lines with wordage like lumpy cotton batting, the poem will be loose and the form will show through above the idea and will make a bad poem. Careless and uninspired work is always bad. It is not the form, but the poet's hitching a ride on the form, which hurts a poem.

IMAGERY is another aid to a poet, giving her a chance to paint a picture, stir an appropriate emotion, and put a profound concept into a concrete form which might have been ponderous and have fallen unheeded without this path to the heart. Take this from "Between Seasons":

He who alone stands watching summer go
Southward on wings and earthward in a leaf
Feeling all time in one relentless flow,
Longs for a portion he may hold in brief.

Here you see the man standing out beneath the sky, the leaves falling, the migrant geese flying, and feel the swift passage of summer and youth. You long with him to grasp a portion to hold in your hand a little longer as proof that you had it, but feel the futility, with time slipping farther and farther away. Or take:

When I consider that a century
Has gone as windswept appleblossoms go...

Here you tie the passing of a hundred years to a common experience of the here and now.

Allusions help to stir memories and say much in few words, as:

Denied the Star, the Mount, the Fatal Hill . . .

Here the life of Christ is referred to by the sign of his birth, the star, the Mount of Olives, and Calvary Hill where his sacrifice was consummated.

Now let's take up a few of the *dont's* of poetry writing. Don't invert for the sake of rhyme. An inversion is a change in the *natural* order of word arrangement. In conversation we might say: *The birds flew south.* But the amateur poet might say: *South flew the birds.* This would be an inversion. To invert in order that a word or phrase may be given added emphasis *for a purpose* is good, but to turn a sentence inside out like a schoolboy's sweater just to make rhyming easy shows laziness or thoughtlessness and puts the work on the reader.

Inversions were never good form. Poets have used inversions because people like to hear rhymes, and by inverting a line a poet could get words that were easy to rhyme and saved the effort of finding harder ones. There was a time when few readers objected to inversions and therefore poets did not bother to eradicate these faults in composition. However, times have changed, and we must now strive harder, or we shall be left behind. We have a much more widely read and exacting audience today.

The more sensitive the reader, the more he will appreciate good workmanship, and the more quickly he will be offended by careless composition. Always reach for the best in your readers.

Contractions, also, are character-

istic of amateurish and carelessly written poetry. Don't say o'er for over, because such uses are tricks to make the meter come out even, and tricks may be fun, but they are never honest, and poetry must be sincere. The same thing is true of e'er for *ever*, 'neath for *beneath*, 'tis for *it is*, and many other contractions that are not in accepted usage today. There was a time when it was the style for meter to dominate the idea in popular poetry, but that style became obsolete long ago, and it shows a sort of artificiality that is displeasing to discriminating readers today. Poetry is very close to human hearts and a vital means of communication; it should be both direct and sincere.

"Poeticisms" and old-fashioned words and expressions like ere and yesteryear should be avoided. If you would not use a word in a letter to a friend or in intimate conversation, the chances are that it will sound false in a poem, too. This doesn't refer, of course, to words in a wider vocabulary than one usually employs in speech, only to style.

Many carefully written poems need revision for strengthening weak phrases or lines or for smoothing sounds and freshening imagery. A real craftsman cares enough for her poem to tear it phrase from phrase and put it back together, like a good watchmaker repairing a fine watch. I like to feel that my poems are true, not only in general, but in every part, having no false word or untrue analogy to mar the truth. Sometimes critics are mistaken because they lack specific information or interpret experiences differently, but a poet can develop the ability to hear an inner bell that rings when the truth is sounded and reject the comments and criticisms that do not help. If some word or phrase in one of my poems offends a sensitive reader, I can usually dive back under and come up with something that pleases both of us and have a stronger poem for the revision. But if a change does not ring as true to me as the original, I would not change it to suit the greatest critic I know. The poet is the final judge. "To thine own self be true . . . Thou canst not then be false . . ." be it a poem or anything else you write.

### *Books to Study*

*New Rhyming Dictionary and Poet's Handbook*, Burges Johnson, Harpers, New York, $2.50.

*Wood's Unabridged Rhyming Dictionary*, Clement Wood, The World Publishing Company, Cleveland, Ohio, $3.50.

*How to Revise Your Own Poems*, Anne Hamilton, The Writer, Inc., 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Massachusetts, $1.50.

*An Editor Looks at Poetry*, Stanton A. Coblentz, Wings Press, Mill Valley, California, $2.00.

*The Art of Versification*, J. Berg Esenwein and Mary Eleanor Roberts, The Home Correspondence School, Springfield, Mass, $3.00.

## *A Memory*

*Evelyn Fjeldsted*

Because of love so perfectly attuned,
The memory of her laughter may not be
A memory, but is laughter faintly heard
From realms of immortality.

# On Writing a Short Story

*Fay Tarlock*

Graduate, Pulitzer School of Journalism, Columbia University

THERE are many reasons why writers who are eligible should enter the Relief Society short story contest. Three of you who enter will receive prizes and an abiding satisfaction. A few of you will discover that you like to write, a rich reward in itself. But the greatest good, perhaps, is that each entrant will have sat down and persevered until she has written a finished product. Writing a short story is a contest in tenacity. Whoever writes one has won in the struggle. In addition to this the writer has also gained a keener appreciation for the art of short story writing.

Once you decide to enter the contest, get busy on your story. The idea may come from an incident in your childhood, from some mannerism of a friend, a newspaper clipping, or something that happened down the street last week. Within yourself you have characters to people a thousand and one stories. Find the incident that will kindle the spark of interest in one of your familiar characters, and you have the germ of a story.

One successful writer advises that a beginning author write only of the stuff of his daydreams. We all have secret longings. Is there one so strong in you that you desire to bring it out and give it to a character in a story? If so, you will have a real emotional interest in the character.

Another writer says that the underlying idea of your story must be that of a widely known human experience, whether it be the general rule or the exception that is as true as the generality. What you are, your fundamental beliefs and principles, will guide your writing, even when you are least aware of it. Draw from your own resources. Success did not come to Kathryn Forbes until she wrote *I Remember Mama.*

When you have chosen your story, make certain in your mind that your choice is right for *The Relief Society Magazine.* You may know the *Magazine* well enough not to need to review the stories published in the last dozen or so issues. If you don't, read the stories carefully. Remember you are writing for a widely scattered audience of women, bound by common ideals. Your story need not be didactic. Indeed it should not preach. Let your characters be the moral force that you wish to convey.

A good way of beginning is to get the material down and break it up into a rough chart, then build up to a definite climax. Sometimes an outline helps. Who is character A? What is he going to do? What about characters B and C? What are their intentions? Now write your beginning. On page one you should reveal what the story is about.

Think of your material in terms of happenings. Any stimulus that does not promise some kind of con-

flict is not a good one. When you have found a good opening situation that promises conflict, you have the beginning of your story. Don't try to tell everything in the first few paragraphs. Use little flashbacks to give the who, what, when, where, and why. Begin your story as near the end as possible. Set your characters in the beginning and let them tell the story. Description is always a form of characterization and you have only a few words to use. Don't make the mistake of telling too much about your character. Let him show himself through his words and actions.

For the moment, become the character you are trying to convey. Look him in the face until you know the texture of his skin, the set of his mouth. Use his gestures, listen to him talk. How does he walk? Even if you have to shout to yourself, be your character long enough to get the feel of him.

Back to your story. Arouse the reader's curiosity in the first sentence, if possible. Every happening in your story should have a good premise. Don't forget that a common device is to have the actor fail at first. With each failure he finds himself more deeply involved. Every complication must be planted, subtly. Then comes the black moment, then a new situation that has already been planted, and presto, the end.

WRITE your story while it is still afire in your mind. If possible, write it all at one sitting. Revise the first time for deleting unnecessary parts and fitting the parts closer together. Don't worry if your first version is twice too long. You can cut and polish. When you have the story in workable shape, the events interlapping, the characters consistent, begin revising for sentence structure. You can console yourself with the fact that the greatest stylists of the ages have agreed upon the difficulty of writing a good sentence.

As you revise, remind yourself that you have only three thousand words, at best, to use. Try making five words do the work of ten. Watch the adjectives. Too many of them can ruin any story. After superfluous adjectives, come the omnipresent connectives and sentences loaded with clauses. At the same time you are revising for words, keep in mind the sound of your sentences and making clear your meaning. You may have your story written and yet have a whole page of necessary facts you must insert. In time, you will take an interest in writing for its own sake. Your writing will begin to have smoothness and even beauty.

One of the best ways to detect flaws in reasoning and in diction is to read your story aloud—to a trusted person or to yourself alone. You will find sentences that would make you blush if you were to see them printed. Begin writing your story several weeks, or longer, before the end of the contest and give yourself a cooling period. Let your manuscript rest for a few days, or a few weeks. Then take it up and work it over. Many of those troubling situations will resolve themselves.

Most writers meditate long on their stories before they are set on paper. Think of your characters as

you go about your daily work. The right dialogue may come while you are washing the dishes. At all times keep small sheets of paper and pencil handy. Don't rely on your memory to give you the phrase you conjured in the dark. It has to be written down at the moment.

Before you start to revise, surround yourself with writers' tools. A good dictionary comes first. With it, should be a number of books on word study. By all means have a handbook of good usage and perhaps a textbook of English grammar. Writers have nothing new to write; it is the saying of it that must be new. The tool books are used more by professionals than by amateurs.

Ask yourself these questions:

1. Does the reader know what my story is about?
2. Is its underlying theme timely and provocative?
3. Have I created a single impression?
4. Do my characters seem real?
5. Is there suspense?
6. Have I aroused worthy emotions?

If you can answer yes, you have done a good piece of work.

### Reference Books

*Preparing the Manuscript*, by Udia G. Olsen, $1.25.

*Story Writing*, by Edith R. Mirrielees, $3.

*Creative Fiction Writing*, by D. McCleary, $2.50.

All of the above books are obtainable at: The Writer, Inc. Publishers, Boston, Mass.

*Characters Make Your Story*, by Maren Elwood, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, $3.50.

## *A Song the Heart Must Sing*

*Anna Prince Redd*

Love is a shimmering, mystic thing,
A song the heart must hear and sing;
As radiant as a wedding dress,
As frail a thing as happiness . . . .
Oh, why did I not know!

## *Impressions*

*Elise B. Maness*

June is roses, June is laughter
To remember ever after,
All the myriad petal perfumes
Gently blown.

June is love the world expected;
June is duties left neglected
For the flower-laden sunshine,
Summer-known.

June is music faintly drifting,
Sudden winging of birds lifting
Above nodding clover blossoms,
All spring's own.

## *Roses*

*Christie Lund Coles*

Like frail tufts of marquisette,
The fragile clouds drift in the sky;
And beautiful, beneath the moon
The roses lift their petals high,

Their scent as gentle as the kiss
Of lover on a loved one's cheek;
Their beauty as ethereal as
Pale sunlight on a mountain peak.

Roses, summer, youth, and love
Inseparable as stars and moon,
Or love song whispered tenderly,
As the lark's first ecstatic tune.

# Young Hearts Are Fragile

*Olive W. Burt*

THE superintendent of the *Children's Aid Society* was very kind. Martha felt that kindness spreading out from the calm gray eyes and the gentle mouth above the strong chin, spreading out and enveloping her like a bland ointment on her hurt heart.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Lewis," the quiet voice was saying. "I recognize your need and it is a very real and urgent one. But," she hesitated and then went on firmly, "please try to understand our position. Our concern is first of all for the children in our care. They need homes and love, yes; but they need more than just that. They need to live out their destinies—"

Martha stared at the woman. What was she trying to say? What was the message behind her words? Was she intimating that she and Bill would not let the child live out his destiny? That was absurd. Why, they would do everything in their power to improve and enrich that destiny! They would give him everything Danny had had—Danny—

The superintendent glanced down at the filled out forms on her desk.

"Your son was an only child, Mrs. Lewis. He was a wonderful boy—a shining, golden personality. And he died as he had lived, brilliantly —a hero."

Martha felt the rent in her heart aching again as it always ached when Dan was mentioned. It was a tender ache, a proud ache, for Dan had been more than they said. He had well earned every tribute given him. But there was something lacking in the speaker's voice. She spoke of Dan calmly, honestly, but without that tinge of envy that crept involuntarily into most women's voices when they spoke of Martha's son. It was almost as if she didn't think that being a hero was so much.

"You would find our little boys are not like your Dan. Not one of them, I think."

Of course not! Martha thought. There is no one in the world like Dan.

"But we'd do our best to make him—" Martha began, and was stopped by the coldness that froze the smile on the superintendent's lips.

That is what we feared, Mrs. Lewis. You and Mr. Lewis have an ideal in your hearts — an ideal no child could equal in your estimation. We do not want to place these children in situations that will make for unhappiness for them—and for you, too; but, mainly, we are concerned with the children. No, I am afraid that, desperately as these children need the homes that have been denied them, we must reject your application."

Martha could not believe the words. Reject their application! There was something wrong here. She stood up, angry, suspicious.

"Is there something I have neglected," she asked cruelly, "a preliminary bonus?"

A faint flush rose with difficulty in the clear cheeks of the superintendent, who also rose. But her voice was still calm and quiet.

"Yes," she said, "I am afraid there is something you have neglected, Mrs. Lewis, to put the child's need before your own."

She gathered up the papers with a gesture that dismissed Martha, and, trembling with anger and hurt as if she had been slapped, Martha turned and hurried out of the room, down the dim hall, and into the street.

Bill would hear about this. Bill would do something! Half-blinded by the sunlight, Martha stumbled across the street to the comforting green of a doll-sized park against the gray of pavement and buildings.

She sat down on a bench, shaking with anger and disappointment, and watched the children playing around her, only half-seeing their bright, fluttering figures, only half-hearing their tinkling voices.

It was going to be terrible, telling Bill this. She couldn't make him understand, because she didn't understand, herself, what was wrong. Maybe she would if she thought about it awhile. She hadn't understood about the little baby, either, at first. Probably her perception had been dulled by her sorrow, because before Dan's death she had been quick enough to catch and interpret innuendoes.

IT had been hard to persuade Bill that they should adopt a baby to take a tiny measure of the empty space left in their hearts with Dan's going. Their hearts had been so full when Dan was there—his sturdy masculinity demanding so much, his ardent love of life filling them, completing them, spilling out of their hearts into affection for his playmates, his schoolmates, his buddies, his girl friends. There had been no emptiness then.

At last, Bill, seeing her need, had said, "Of course, honey, if that's what you want. But a baby will be hard work—and you're not as young as you were when Dan was little. And I'm afraid you're going to be disappointed, too. But if you want to try it—"

With no more encouragement than that, she had gone to the baby placement bureau and applied for a child.

"We want a boy—a husky, blond, athletic type," she had stipulated, feeling that they would enjoy the child more if he resembled Danny. If Bill could teach him to fish and swim and play football and baseball, he might forget, just a little, what he had lost.

She had filled out the proper forms. She had been eager at the interviews. She had spoken freely of their hopes and plans and of what they would do for the baby.

"We can give him everything he needs or wants," she had said, not boasting, but hoping to impress the authorities. "We have a lovely farm—we haven't gone there for two years, but the lease is soon up. We can take the baby there—give him a pony—our Danny loved his pony and was a wonderful rider—"

The woman had asked once, "Would you consider a girl baby?" and Martha had hesitated. She, herself, would love a little girl, but Bill—it would be difficult enough for a boy to take Dan's place. How

could a girl fit in? She had managed to convey this to the matron, who seemed to understand.

But in the end it hadn't mattered, for it turned out that there was a rule against giving tiny babies to couples as old as Martha and Bill. She had been surprised. Somehow, she had thought any agency would be glad to give a baby to them, who could do so much for it. Their own boy had been an example of their fitness as parents—Dan, gay, eager, well-adjusted, healthy. But after she thought about it awhile she could see that they were right. She had never thought of herself or Bill as old, but they were centainly not young—and it had been a long time since Dan had been a baby. Maybe they would find it difficult to cope with a lively little fellow. Martha's problem was to explain this to Bill in such a way as not to hurt him, in such a way as to leave the path open for some other solution.

WHEN the time came, she couldn't tell whether Bill was relieved or disappointed. There were so many things about Bill that she couldn't understand nowadays. They were in some ways so much closer together, so much more dependent upon each other for happiness and companionship. And yet there was an invisible wall between them—a wall of fearfulness lest one hurt the other.

Then Bill had said carefully, "A little baby might not have been such a good idea after all. But perhaps we could get an older child. I understand there's some society that finds homes for older children."

That had convinced her. Bill was counting on this, too, to ease the hurt that grew more and more terrifying as the empty weeks went by.

She had looked up the society Bill had mentioned and had made application there. She had been excited when she returned home after the preliminary interview, when she had seen the children in their classrooms.

"Oh, Bill! I'm sure this is better. We can see what they are like—we can find one that just suits us. They are so nice, the people in charge. They say it's important that the child suits us and that we suit the child. We'll find one that likes skiing and tennis. He can have Dan's room, and Dan's trophies and cups will give him an ideal to live up to."

And then, after all, their application had been denied!

Slowly, feeling every one of her forty years like a separate burden upon her, Martha rose from the bench and walked slowly home to the empty apartment, emptier now, since she had dreamed of it filled with blond and boisterous youth.

When she told Bill that night after dinner about the agency he took it more calmly than she had hoped. He reached out for her hand as she stood before him, hurt and angry, and drew her down onto his lap, cuddling her, making a child of her in his utter need.

"They're right, honey," he said huskily. "It wouldn't work out for us. For some folks, yes, but not for us. We've had the best—" his voice faltered. After a moment he went on, "You can't tell what they're like—even a kid of six or seven. He might look like Dan—a little—but

what if he turned out to be stupid, or a coward? I'd hate having him around."

Martha leaned against him, comforting him, but the shadowy wall between them was thick and impenetrable. And before them stretched long, empty, futile years of remembering.

Bill set her from his knees and rose and began to walk restlessly about the room. Before long he said, as he said so frequently of late, "I've got to get out for a few minutes. Do you want to go for a walk?"

Weary as she was, she nodded silently, and they went down onto the street, quiet in the shadows and solitude of the night. They began to walk—to walk until they could return home, physically tired enough to sleep.

DURING these walks Martha felt nearer to Bill. Here they walked silently, with no pretense at gaiety or at casualness. The poplars whispered above their heads and from open windows scraps of music floated out. But they were alone and unobserved, even by each other.

There was no conscious direction to their steps, and neither one knew just where they were, when a sudden noise recalled them from their world of shadows. They were approaching a square, official-looking building, with a lighted globe above the doorway. At the curb, opposite the door, a knot of men and boys were leaving cars, and it was the scuffling among these that had caught their attention.

"What's happening, Bill?" Martha asked, trying to reidentify herself with the real world around her.

Bill glanced up at the building and understood at once.

"This is the police station," he said. "Looks as if some kids are being rounded up."

"Kids?" she asked.

She stared at the group moving across the sidewalk; at the officers, big and husky with guns at their hips, and at the boys, dragging back, hitching their bodies as far as they dared, their boldness brought to a sharp edge by the hone of fear.

"Oh, Bill! What have they done?"

Bill shrugged. "Stolen a car, maybe. Or snatched a purse. Or broken into a cigar store. No telling what a kid will do."

Suddenly, right in front of them, one of the boys, the very smallest one in the group, gave a quick twitch to his shoulder, broke from the policeman's grasp, and darted past them down the street. The officer yelled and started in pursuit. Martha wanted to put out her foot and trip the officer. She wanted to, but she didn't. She just stood there, watching. And in a moment the officer came back, panting, dragging the boy with him.

"BILL," Martha whispered, "can we go in? Can we find out what they've done and what will be done with them?"

Bill looked at her. "It won't be fun," he said. "They're probably a tough little gang. We'd better move on and let the law handle this."

"I'm not going to interfere, but I've got to see, Bill. I couldn't sleep if I didn't."

They followed the group inside the station and to the booking

sergeant. Martha stood just inside the doorway, holding Bill's arm, her eyes searching for the little fellow who had almost got away.

He stood with the others, but apart from them, a skinny, dirty little youngster in soiled levis and a ragged shirt. The belt around his middle was drawn tight, and Martha felt like crying at the tiny girth of leather, as if there were not much more than backbone to circle. His eyes were downcast, and Martha found herself wondering what the eyes would be like, and wishing the child would raise his lashes so she could see.

As she watched, he did raise his eyes and looked towards her, and there was no miracle there. Their brown irises seemed opaque, so that Martha could not see into them at all, could not read what went on behind them. Instead of being disappointed with this, Martha felt sad, as if it were somehow her fault.

She began to listen to what was being said in the room, and had no difficulty in discovering that this was a band of juvenile car plunderers for whom the police had been hunting a long time. One of the boys, a youngster of about fourteen, seemed to be the leader. The little fellow who had tried to get away wouldn't talk when they spoke to him, wouldn't give his name, so the leader spoke up for him.

"He won't tell nobody his name," he said. "Call him Skinny. Skinny Jones will do." He shrugged. "He's kinda dumb, someways, but he's little and quick—"

So they make use of him, Martha thought angrily. She turned to Bill. "What will be done with them?"

"They'll get hold of all the parents they can. Some of the boys will probably be taken out to the boys' home on South State. Tomorrow they'll investigate more thoroughly. Some will be sent to the State reformatory—"

"But if that little fellow won't tell his name—"

"They'll get it. Don't worry."

JUST then Skinny raised his arm and wiped his nose with one long swipe of his ragged shirt sleeve, his brown eyes wide and hard and unwavering.

The pitiful inadequacy and helplessness of that gesture caught Martha's heart and twisted it tight.

"Let's get along," Bill said, but Martha stood still.

"Wait, Bill. Wait."

When the boys had been taken out of the room, Martha stepped up to the sergeant's desk.

"What about a little fellow like that—Skinny?" she asked, absurdly anxious to know that things would be all right with him.

The sergeant looked down at her and smiled. His eyes were gray and kind with little crow's feet to humor at the corners.

"Don't worry about him, lady. We'll take care of him."

"But you don't even know his name—or his mother—"

"It won't be hard to find. He'll talk before morning—they all do when they're caught for the first time, even when they're as tough as that kid."

"Tough?" Tough enough to keep his eyes dry, but not his nose!

"Look, lady," the sergeant said, "they're a tough gang, and he's tough or he wouldn't last ten min-

utes with them. His mother you ask about is probably tough, too. We have 'em every night—kids like this. During the war their dads went gallivanting off to big war plants and their mothers went out to grab off some of the big money that was floating around. The kids had to shift for themselves. And we knew that's the way it was, and hoped it would soon be over.

"But now many of those dads don't want to come back and pick up their old jobs and old families again; and the mothers don't hanker after working at home for nothing. So they chase whatever money they can find, and the kids are still left to get along as best they can. They've had half a dozen years now to grow tough in, and believe me, lady, they can't be handled like the kids you're used to knowing."

Surprisingly Bill spoke up. "Isn't there something that we could do, officer? Don't you parole these kids to reputable families?"

The sergeant smiled. "I haven't seen many reputable families asking for them," he said. Then he nodded. "Yeah, that's the theory—but who wants to take in a kid like that? Listen, you folks don't know the score. Go home and forget it. Or if you can't forget it, if you really want to do something, come back tomorrow and talk to the captain."

They went out into the street, Martha clinging to Bill's arm.

"I don't want him to stay there a single night," she whispered, tears choking her. "And of course when his mother knows—"

"The sergeant's right about her, probably," Bill said, and went on thoughtfully, "but that kid isn bad—yet. You know, I got in a ja like that once—"

They walked along in silenc Martha waiting to hear, knowi that Bill had never told her this b cause, though it had been of t mendous importance to him at t time, there had never been a pla for it in their life together.

"YEAH," he said at last, "I g in with a gang that stripp light fixtures from empty hom They called my mother and s came down to the police station I wish you could have seen h Some of the mothers came weepi and wringing their hands as if th kids were ruined for life. Some ca down swearing at the cops as if th kids had done nothing at all. B mother came down, calm and qui as if I'd just misstepped into a m puddle and got a little dirty.

"She talked to me, not the co and she made me do my own ta ing to them. I don't know how explain the way I felt—ashamed myself for what I'd done, but pro of my mother and proud to be m enough to own up and take medicine. And I was determin I'd never get into a mess like th again."

After a long time he said, "Sk ny needs someone that knows h to handle a thing like that—I wo der if his mother does."

Martha was unable to sleep, thi ing of Skinny in a room full tough boys; talking, as the sergea had promised he would, becau that ridiculous nose of his wou not give him any peace with t tears crowding back of it, hurti his eyes and his throat. And s

knew that, beside her, Bill wasn't sleeping, either.

She wasn't surprised then, when Bill said the next morning after breakfast, "Guess I'll drive down and see what happened to the kids. Want to go along?"

Martha nodded. She had remembered in the night about the little baby and the boy that had been denied them. It was no use, and she wished now that she could keep this last disappointment from Bill. In those last weary hours before dawn, she had resigned herself to forget Skinny and all other small boys and to accept the dreariness of her empty heart.

MARTHA was amazed at the sure and determined manner with which Bill approached the captain. When he mentioned the boys that had been brought in the night before, the captain nodded, looking at the report sheet before him.

Most of those boys are old offenders," he said. "They will be committed to the State industrial school."

"Not that little one—Skinny?" Martha breathed.

"Well," the Captain frowned. "His mother was located and talked to. She isn't a fit person to have charge of him and she doesn't want to be bothered."

"But there is a parole for adult criminals," Bill protested, "what about paroling the kid to us?"

The captain looked at him.

"You don't know what you're taking on, Mister," he said gruffly. "When his mother finds out that you're interested, she won't hear of adoption. She'll let you take him and then hope to get something out of you through the kid, and as soon as he begins earning money, his mother will pop up and demand him back again. And it just means that you folks, with the best intentions in the world, will have your hearts broken."

Martha looked at him.

"Our hearts broken?" she asked softly. "Captain, it's the young whose hearts are fragile. Let us help! If we can only keep his heart from being destroyed—"

It was a long time after that before they were finally seated in the car, actually on their way home, with Skinny tucked between them on the wide front seat. Martha glanced carefully down at the shock of dirty, black hair. The brown eyes had not lost their opaqueness, their secretiveness, and they stared ahead, unquestioning, unanswering.

The captain had explained that this custody was temporary. The case would have to come before the Juvenile Court, and then a licensed social agency would place the boy in a foster home—perhaps in Martha's home.

As Martha watched him, Skinny lifted his arm and wiped his sleeve across his nose, not sniffling, not admitting weakness, but driven to that gesture by the forces that were relentless within him.

Bill's hand left the wheel and reached for his handkerchief. Handing it casually to Skinny, he said, "Blow hard, Son!"

Only then did Martha remember Dan.

Never another Dan, she thought. This is our new son. This is Skinny.

And suddenly all in the car were at peace.

# El Paso and the Latter-Day Saints

*Sadie Ollorton Clark*

President, Houston, Texas, Branch Relief Society

IT was in April 1910, that Porfirio Diaz finally became alarmed over the brewing Mexican revolution. He threw the frail idealist, Francesco Madero, into the San Luis Potosi prison and thereby ended a third of a century of absolute dictatorship. Little did he realize that a forced American migration would follow this act, nor did the unsuspecting Latter-day Saint colonists know how soon they would have to flee from their homes, or which families would be responsible for a new stronghold of the Church —the yet unborn El Paso Ward.

The location of the city of El Paso has much to do with it's colorful history. The first name, "El Paso del Norte," means the "northern pass." The Rio Grande River, at this point, flows through the cactus-covered mountains, creating the best natural passage from the north to south in many desert miles. It was equally important as a station in stage-coach days, and was the key point in a transcontinental railroad building race in 1881. In the sixteenth century the venturesome Franciscan friars, traveling from Mexico City to Santa Fe with the Spanish explorers on the dusty Camino Real would give thanks for the grateful shade of the cottonwoods growing on the banks of the river, and would rest at this oasis in the desert. Today, cross-country tourists find this modern city a natural breaking point in a journey east or west.

American historians tell us the first white visitor to this colorful land was Cabeza de Vaca, the only survivor of the shipwrecked Navarez expedition of 1527. He found his way to this area in 1536 and was welcomed by the Indians living there. He was never able to explain why one tribe after another looked upon him as their God, asking him to heal their sick and bless their food and their children.

For the next three hundred years this territory was under Spanish and Mexican rule. As a result of the battle of San Jacinto in April 1836, it became part of the Republic of Texas. In 1846 Texas was annexed by the United States.

Of interest to Latter-day Saint readers is the fact that Alexander Doniphan was the first man to bring the American flag to El Paso. This was in 1846, during the war with Mexico. Doniphan was loved by the Missouri saints because he befriended them in the unhappy days when they were expelled from Jackson County. When he was ordered to execute the Prophet Joseph Smith he refused, and told his superior, "It is cold blooded murder. I will not obey your order. If you execute these men, I will hold you responsible before an earthly tribunal, so help me God."

The chief settlement in those exciting days was on the south side of the river. El Paso was known as "Franklin," and was too small to be very well-known. The Mormon

Courtesy, Chamber of Commerce, El Paso, Texas

VIEW OF MAIN BUSINESS SECTION, EL PASO, TEXAS

Battalion crossed the desert a few miles north of the village, in 1846, on their journey to California. In 1876, Anthony W. Ivins, with a party going to Mexico, camped on the north bank of the river, and shot a deer on the spot which is now the center of the city.

In 1897, the Church Authorities asked Isaac W. Pierce to go to Cuidad Juarez and open up a lumber yard for the benefit of the people living in the timber regions of Chihuahua. He was the first Latter-day Saint to live in this locality, and his residence was a home for all friends going to and coming from Mexico. The first Church services in that city were held in his own house. Isaac Pierce was truly a benefactor to hundreds of travelers who came to him for aid, and he kept up his good work as long as he lived. He died in 1906. His son, Arwell L. Pierce, carried on his father's business as well as his interest in the Church. In 1912 he moved from Cuidad Juarez. He was the first Latter-day Saint to make a permanent home in El Paso, and when he moved there the Church came with him.

BUT, in 1912, the old order passed in Mexico. One of the first demands the revolutionists made was the evacuation of the Latter-day Saints who had sought refuge in their land. Because of the Edmunds law, which was passed in 1882, a small group of Church members felt that the only way they could keep their families together was to leave the United States and make Mexico their home. In the decade preceding the turn of the century, they migrated to this southern country. Though few of them gave up their American citizenship, they all had come to look upon Mexico as their homeland. Their buildings were permanent, their plans for the future were all to be fulfilled in Mexico. But suddenly, and without warning, orders were given to leave. Villa and his bandits were moving in on the villages, and it was worth a man's life to stay and defend his property. The colonists had prospered in Mexico, and the homes they left behind were spacious and beautiful. They were denied time enough to salvage their portable possessions. Beautiful china, valuable silver, precious keepsakes and heirlooms were all left to be confiscated or destroyed by the marauding outlaws.

J. W. Wilson of El Paso tells that he was in bed with a broken back, in the village of Pearson, when word came that Villa was on top of the mountain near the little town. The Americans left, wasting no time. Mr. Wilson refused any offers of help. He crawled to the top story of the house and hid himself. Through an attic window he watched the bandit army as it marched through and ransacked the town, looting, robbing, and even killing several of the native citizens, then riding on.

When Mr. Wilson did leave Mexico, he came, as most of the refugees did, to Cuidad Juarez on the train. He says:

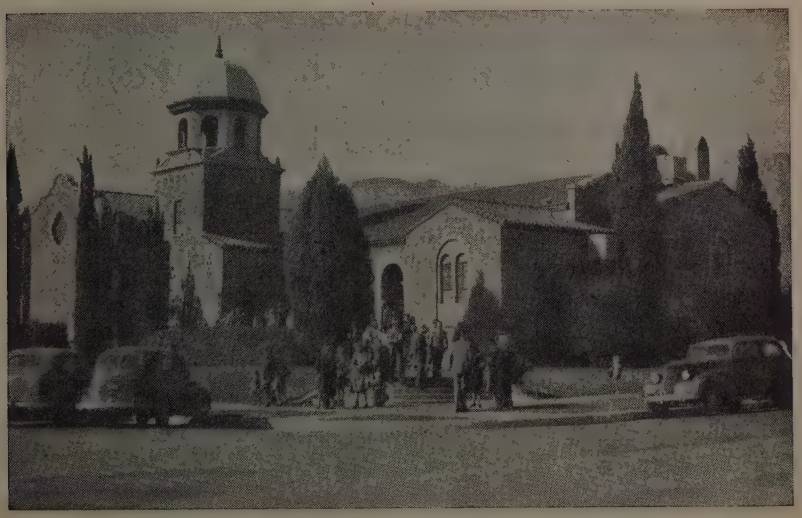
> The railroad was so badly torn up and so many revolutionists were on it, that I was just two weeks from the time I left my home until I crossed the bridge into El Paso at three in the morning. The Mexican soldiers searched me and took all the cash I had before they would let me come across. When I landed on the

American side I looked up and saw the Stars and Stripes waving for me. Never did that flag look so good to me before.

This was typical of the condition of more than 3500 people. They came to El Paso destitute and penniless. Their American citizenship was not questioned, but the town was not prepared for such a multitude. The officials of the city did all they could to help them, but the townspeople received them with mixed emotions—pity for their plight and hesitancy about taking in so many of a despised people.

As there were no houses ready for them at the time, the refugees were unloaded at a lumber yard, and as long as they were in desperate need the United States government fed them. Without any delay, the separate families set up housekeeping between piles of boards and shingles, making the best of what they had until they could improve their situations. The unconquerable pioneer spirit of these people showed itself in these trying days. It would have taken a greater catastrophe than this to make them give up. While the women cooked and washed over the campfires, husbands and fathers surveyed the town for jobs and vacant houses. Within a week, over half of them had found work and had rented homes. Before a month had passed the entire company had left the lumber yard.

IMMEDIATELY after their arrival, Senator A. B. Fall asked for a government appropriation for their immediate aid, and money to send them any place in the United States where they had relatives to help, or an assurance of work. Approximately seventy-five per cent of the refugees accepted this aid, and left El Paso. Most of them went to Utah, but many of the people decided to remain, and it is they who became



LATTER-DAY SAINT CHAPEL, EL PASO, TEXAS

the nucleus of the present El Paso Ward.

They and their children have become respected citizens of the border city. Many of them are now prominent in business, political, and professional circles. They have built beautiful and substantial homes, and, all in all, take an important part in the community. One of the beauty spots of the El Paso valley is the country home of Bishop George Q. Payne. It is built of native stone, typical of its surroundings, but it is unusual because of the variety and beauty of the flowers and shrubs which grow in profusion in his gardens. The arid and rocky soil of this country can produce vegetation, but it takes labor and devotion to beautify even a small yard.

The saints of the El Paso Ward take great pride in their chapel. For years the erection of a suitable meetinghouse was the common aim and desire of every Latter-day Saint family in the vicinity, and practically every member has some personal interest in it. It cost approximately $75,000 and compares favorably with the most beautiful and expensive chapels in the Church today. The building is a modified Spanish type, in keeping with the best architecture of the city. The lawns are always green and well-kept, even during the winter. The custodian, Otto Baptist, a convert from Belgium, takes special pride in the upkeep of the Church property. He is, and has been, the only custodian since the chapel was built in 1931.

A friendly and gracious spirit seems to radiate from the walls of this sacred edifice, and to the members it is indeed a second home. On Sunday mornings they gather on the patio and visit in the warm sunshine. After the evening meeting the foyer is crowded with a friendly, handshaking group who refuse to leave until the last light is turned off. The membership of the ward is constantly increasing because visitors, first impressed by the fraternity and feeling of fellowship the members show for one another, are willing to listen to the truths of the gospel.

The El Paso Ward has had only two bishops. Arwell L. Pierce was ordained the bishop in 1918 when the ward was first organized, and he remained in that position until 1942, when he was called to preside over the Mexican Mission. He, more than any other one individual, is responsible for the growth and the happy condition of the ward. He has been a prominent business man for many years in El Paso, but his greatest interest has always been in the welfare of the Church and the people who came to it. His home has been a haven for visitors going to or coming from Mexico, and most of the General Authorities of the Church have enjoyed his hospitality. Because of his unusual possession of a dual citizenship, and also because of the great respect he commands, he has been able to render service to thousands of travelers who have had difficulty in crossing the international border. Whether it was a misunderstanding of the language, laws, or personalities, a call to Bishop Pierce would generally solve the problem.

Bishop George Q. Payne has carried on this excellent work. He guided the ward through the war

years, when, because of the proximity of Fort Bliss to El Paso, hundreds of Latter-day Saint boys were able to come to Church. Special Priesthood classes were held for these service men. The M.I.A. planned a full recreation program, and no Latter-day Saint boy needed to investigate the night clubs on the Mexican side of the river for entertainment. There were seventy-two boys who served under their country's flag, from the El Paso Ward.

The El Paso Ward was first a part of Juarez Stake, with headquarters in Mexico. In 1919 it was annexed to the St. Joseph Stake, and when St. Joseph was divided, El Paso became a member of the Mt. Graham Stake. Its membership now totals around 700. A high percentage of the people are active in Church work, and a most gratifying number pay a full tithing. Officers travel 250 miles each way every month to attend union meetings at Safford, Arizona, and several high council members and stake officers are members of the El Paso Ward.

The dauntless and lofty spirit which has always characterized this group seems to be diffused into all who have later come to make El Paso their home. Although it was born of revolution and bloodshed, its ultimate destiny seems to be a working unit in the kingdom of God.

## *Pastoral*

Gene Romolo

Above the emerald herbage-covered hills,
A shining dawn arises from the night
And one full-throated song thrush blithely trills
A paean for the largess of the light.

Kissed by the sun and rippled by the breeze,
Grainfields are like imbricate amber seas,
And pastures that are broad and lushly green
As David's own, with fatted cattle teem.

From a near hillside, bells on browsing sheep
Sound, drowsily, a low idyllic lay,
And quiet, soft-fleeced, lambs still lie asleep,
Unmindful of the re-created day.

Here, at this hour, abide content and cheer—
For peace, from strength of work well-done, is here.

## *I Shall Go On*

*Josephine J. Harvey*

I shall go on,
But with the dawn
The realization grows
That you have gone!
I cannot forget
And yet
I must go on.

## *My Way*

*Catherine Renstrom*

I prayed to God for help;
Not the easy way, he said;
If your shoulders are broad
And your heart is brave
Your burden will make you strong.
So I took up my burden and went
my way
And my burden became a song.

# Orchid Hunting in Honduras

*Elizabeth Williamson*

I promised to tell you about our orchid-hunting expeditions (unscientific!) here in the center of Honduras. As you remember, I never cared particularly for orchids. Of course, we were thrilled at school when someone sent us a corsage with an orchid in it, but I was impressed not so much by the beauty and rarity of the flower as to why anyone would spend five dollars for an orchid when ten cents worth of violets would have made me happy!

Anyhow, I've changed my mind. Orchids are magnificent! And, furthermore, I've learned to like them. Some are so tiny it is difficult to see the structure of the bloom. They come in all sizes, shapes, and colors. They grow wild, and are uncultivated. The native women gather and bring them down from the mountains in basketfuls on their heads. They sell them for fifty centavos a bunch! (twenty-five cents in our money).

We first became interested in orchids while we were picnicking and, accidentally, found some on an old oak tree. They were a beautiful long spray of tawny gold blossoms, with dark brown spots on the petals. We didn't find any more that day. They are most elusive and especially well camouflaged. They grow in the most inaccessible places, high in an old (and very rotten) oak tree, or on the side of a cliff.

From that day on, we were absorbed in orchid-hunting. Something like searching for pirate's treasure—I can understand how fascinated scientists and archaeologists are in finding and developing their special interests. We were only amateurs and knew very little, technically or botanically, but we were spurred on by the hunt, the reward—the fun in general. We never knew what species would be revealed. If we made a find we could bring it back—give it to a collector or hang it on a nail in our patio, water it occasionally, and it would thrive and bloom like mad. (Incidentally my favorite find was a pale green orchid about one inch in diameter. It grew in a cluster of three or four. I never saw one like it again and didn't identify it.)

We usually went in groups on our hunts, people who liked to hike primarily (but the not-too-strenuous type). In one of our groups there was an archaeologist, a naturalist and his wife, a young Swiss outdoor man, an artist, and usually another couple for good measure. (All of the people in the group were interested in photography.)

WE took sandwiches, chocolate, fruit, things we could carry in our pockets, ice and a soft drink for after the hunt. We piled into a station wagon, as it seemed to hold more people and specimens. The day I remember particularly well because of the loot was the *Providencia Day*.

Providencia is an orphanage farm for small boys. It is a lovely place in the pines about seven miles from

Josef Muench

"ORCHID QUEENS"

town. In the main building we could get refreshments served by the Swiss in charge of the orphanage.

The surrounding country is very much like our own mountain country in northern Arizona or New Mexico. Or, as a matter of fact, almost anywhere where there are pines and a scant undergrowth. The elevation is about thirty-five hundred feet. It seemed strange to hike through pines and oaks and suddenly come upon a banana plant or a palm tree. Otherwise we felt quite at home.

At the beginning I felt rather dubious about the snake situation, but during the two years we were there I never saw a snake. Doubtless, there are many at lower altitudes. However, there were plenty of seed-ticks and red bugs—not harmful, but annoying beyond description.

On Providencia Day we left the orphanage farm and took a trail through the pine woods. The naturalist was helpful in pointing out new plants and birds. The Swiss explained the correct walking technique. (It was amazing how it worked and helped!) Frequently we took little side trails on our own, searching and discovering this and that.

That day we heard a whistle from a distance and saw the naturalist walking rapidly towards us. When he reached us we asked him what had happened, what he had found. He was disturbingly calm and said, "Come along, I want to show you something *magnifico!*"

We went down a path until we came to a hollow which looked like a deserted banana grove. We climbed through overgrown brush and tangled vines, down into the bananas. I imagined I could see little bright eyes peering at me, eyes of unknown creatures waiting to bite, sting, or wrap themselves around my body and squeeze me to death! Nothing happened. Then at the bottom of the grove we were told to turn around and look up.

We saw a beautiful thing—a small

cliff banked solidly with fragile white orchid blooms. Some had turned to yellow. We discovered later that although they remained fresh and firm, they turned yellow before they died. True to form it was almost impossible to reach them. However, we carried back a few specimens. They were identified later as *"Estrella del mar"*—Star of the Sea.

We thought it a most satisfying day and relaxed contentedly over our refreshments in the orphanage patio. The Swiss lady in charge was exuberant about our discovery. She probably knew where many other orchids were hidden which she had passed by on her numerous rides through the country by burro back. But she also knew it was much more fun and soul-satisfying to make these discoveries ourselves.

P.S. When we were ready to leave the orphanage each of the women in the group was presented with a huge bunch of violets from the Swiss lady's own garden!

## *Selective Memory*

*Clarence Edwin Flynn*

For every hurt, and every wrong,
And every discord in the song,
And every stone and ugly weed,
Memory should be poor indeed.

For every friendly act and word
That one has ever seen or heard,
And every happy moment spent,
Memory should be excellent.

# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, June 1, and June 15, 1889

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

## THE DEAR OLD GARDEN

My dear old garden! still I call it mine
And mine it is, for in its grateful shade
Of every tree, and shrub, and flow'ring vine,
My children and my children's children play'd.
Round these my aching heart instinctive clings,
And they to me are sweet and tender things.

—E.B.W.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY: Poet's Corner—People usually enter the section of the abbey known as the "poet's corner" at the door where the unfortunate Queen Caroline knocked in vain for admittance to the coronation of her husband, George IV, This section acquired its name from the fact of Chaucer's having been buried there, his monument having been the inaugural one. Among the most important monuments in this section, besides the one to Chaucer, are those of Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Goldsmith, Gray, Thompson . . . .

Chapel of Saint Edmund—There is a great fascination in going in and out of the various chapels with their ancient tombs and windows. The sight acts like a spell upon the mind, carrying it into the remote past and causing the actors in former scenes to be present with us.

## JUNE

Thou art here with thy garland of roses;
Thou art here once again with thy song;
Thou hast brought back the blue sky and sunshine
The days so exquisite and long.

—Mrs. H. F. Thomas

THE WAY TO REST: Many women never rest. They seem not to understand what rest, real rest, means. To throw one's self down with a newspaper or book is not to rest; it is only a change of occupation. To sit down and keep the fingers flying over some sort of fancy work, as if one were pursued by a demon of unrest, is certainly not rest. But to lie at full length on a hard surface; arms extended at the sides, head back, with no pillow, eyes closed, all cares, and worries dismissed—this is rest; this will smooth away wrinkles in the face and in temper; this will give an air of repose to the tired, anxious nervous woman; this will take away many an ache and straighten out the rounded shoulders and craned out necks.

SEVIER STAKE: The Relief Society Conference of this stake was held in the Relief Society Hall in the second ward, Richfield, March 15, 1889, commencing at 10 A.M. On the platform were President E. Bean and her counselors, Jane Spencer, and Theresa Thurber, and several other presidents of branches in the Stake. President Bean said that we had in a way been left to ourselves; the day had come for us to exert our energies and act for ourselves; that we had enjoyed many privileges and we had not appreciated them fully. "Some day these blessings might be taken away from us and we would miss them." We should set a good example for our children.—Christina Sellers, Secretary.

# Woman's Sphere

*Ramona W. Cannon*

THERE are approximately one hundred women veterinarians in the United States. Only one of them, Patricia O'Connor, is a zoo veterinarian. At the Staten Island Zoo, in West New Brighton, New York, she arranges the 130-item diet for the animals housed there, extracts their aching teeth, and anaesthetizes them for operations. A regal python, from which she removed a cancer more than a year ago, is still living. She is married to another veterinarian and gives lectures and teaches classes in biology.

UNDER the sponsorship of Lilith Lorraine, poet and publisher of Rogers, Arkansas, the Avalon State Chapter of Utah, with Marijane Morris of Corinne as director, has recently published a handbook for poets, *The Lost Word*. This useful and inspirational volume contains a poetry dictionary selected by the Utah "Avalons" and a textbook by Miss Lorraine.

ASKED at about the age of five what she wanted to be when she grew up, British Edith Sitwell embarrassed her parents by replying, "A genius." That is probably what she is because her early poems, not understood, were publicly hissed; yet now she is being spoken of as a possibility for poet laureate of Great Britain. She and her two brothers, Sir Osbert and Sacheverell, are considered "a prime example of how it is possible to succeed in spite of every advantage." With the blood of kings and nobles in their veins and wealth in their pockets, they still work assiduously at writing (considered by some too lowly a profession for their exalted station). They have all won high regard in the literary world.

A collection of dolls of all nations, authentically dressed, is being held in trust by the Children's Museum of Washington, D.C. Mrs. Morris Gewirz, chairman of the project, recently presented to Mrs. Harry S. Truman, to add to the famous collection, a very "smart" looking doll, dressed as an American business girl.

MR. and Mrs. Sam Mercer, of Sioux Falls, Iowa, aged ninety-five and ninety-four, respectively, are believed to be the longest-married couple in the United States. They have celebrated their seventy-seventh wedding anniversary. When moving in a covered wagon from Iowa into Missouri, as a young married pair, they were stopped and questioned by Frank and Jesse James, the outlaws. All of their six children are still living. The oldest is seventy-four.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 36 JUNE 1949 NO. 6

# The One Hundred Nineteenth Annual General Conference

AT the close of the final meeting of the one hundred nineteenth annual conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, many felt a great reluctance to leave the Tabernacle. One felt that as long as he remained within that great historic building he would be, in some measure, upheld by an echo of the strength of the General Authorities as demonstrated in the conference just ended.

Two comments were commonly heard: "Wasn't it wonderful that President Smith was well enough to be with us?" and "I do not remember another conference where all the brethren were so plain spoken."

All felt the impressive solemnity of the occasion when our Prophet stood with the Bible in his upraised hand in the majesty and power of his calling, and uttered words of awful warning to the inhabitants of the earth.

The courage and conviction of President Clark as he cautioned Church members against insidious influences within their midst, and the vivid picture drawn by President McKay, calling the attention of the saints to the efforts of the enemy to undermine the foundations of this Church and seek to weaken and destroy, were graphically expressed.

From the opening address of Elder Benson on the C.B.S. Church of the Air to the last words uttered at the concluding session, one felt the power, the conviction, and the strength of the plea of the Church authorities to live in accordance with gospel principles.

Special emphasis was placed on the need to study the Book of Mormon, and attention was focused on the duty of Latter-day Saints to their Lamanite brethren; the vital need for missionary work; and the obligation resting on all teachers to present truth and leave the interpretation to the individual student, uncolored by the teacher's own interpretation.

Relief Society members present at the Welfare meeting held on April 5, took special note of the advice and exhortation contained in the address of President Belle S. Spafford as she pointed out and cautioned Relief Society presidents on their duties in the Welfare program, especially as it applied to the work of the sisters in making out storehouse orders under the direction of their respective bishops.

The music of the conference was

inspiring and beautiful, furnished on Sunday by the Tabernacle Choir, on Monday by Ricks Academy, and on Wednesday by the Mixed Chorus of the Brigham Young University.

The thousands of people who attended the conference sessions and the tens of thousands of Church members in the Intermountain Region who were privileged to hear the proceedings over the radio stations, were filled with the spirit of the conference and went on their way rejoicing, resolved to live better lives so to merit more fully the blessings of the Lord.

Leone G. Layton

# In Memoriam

## Mary Ah Ping Tyau, President, Oahu (Hawaii) Stake Relief Society

RELIEF Society women throughout the Church join with the bereaved sisters of Oahu Stake in paying tribute to Sister Mary Ah Ping Tyau who died March 31, 1949. In her usual good health, Sister Tyau attended Relief Society meeting in the Waikiki Ward, March 23rd. She was suddenly stricken ill and was immediately confined to the hospital where she lingered for a few days without regaining consciousness. Her passing deprives the organization of a great, good, and faithful leader, and a useful and benevolent friend to the rich and poor alike. Her good deeds will be a living monument in the minds of those who labored faithfully and constantly with her until the end came. People in all walks of life formed a pilgrimage to pay homage to a sister who was well-loved and greatly respected by many friends both within the Church and in her community.

## Deseret Sunday School Union Centennial Conference

THE Deseret Sunday School Union Centennial Conference was held Sunday evening, April 3d, in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City. An occasion for reviewing the accomplishments of one hundred years of Sunday School activities, the meeting was marked by a spirit of devotion to a great and influential organization.

Elder Stephen L Richards, in addressing the thousands assembled, spoke of his close association with Sunday School leaders and of his joy in the work.

The Jubilee Chest, sealed in 1900, was opened and its contents displayed. Among the items was a letter from the members of the 1900 general board to their successors of today, charging that their great objective should continue to be the teaching of children in the principles of the everlasting gospel. Tributes to past superintendents were given by

members of the present general board, and first assistant general superintendent George R. Hill expressed deep appreciation for Richard Ballantyne, a Scottish convert to the Church, who conducted the first Sunday School in the Rocky Mountain region on December 9, 1949. Music, much of it especially composed for this occasion of rejoicing, expressed the ideals of Sunday School workers over the years and extolled the gospel principles which will direct its ideals and its activities in the years to come.

Relief Society women throughout the Church extend congratulations to all Sunday School workers in this the Centennial year, and the general board expresses its best wishes to General Superintendent Milton Bennion and to his assistants and board members.

## Corrections in Magazine Honor Roll

Due to mistakes made in the records of two Idaho stakes, their positions on *The Relief Society Magazine* Honor Roll, published in the May 1949 issue, were incorrectly listed. This error is deeply regretted since both of these stakes placed high on the honor roll, with Rexburg Stake leading the Church in the percentage of its subscriptions, and Rigby Stake also making an excellent record. The correct listings are given below.

Rexburg Stake, Idaho

| | *Enrollment* | *Subscriptions* | *Pct.* | *Magazine Representative* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Rexburg Stake | 548 | 687 | 125 | Daphne Nef |
| Archer Ward | 78 | 103 | 132 | Norah Grover |
| Burton Ward | 50 | 66 | 132 | Zina Clark |
| Independence Ward | 36 | 37 | 103 | Pauline Perry |
| Lyman Ward | 56 | 68 | 121 | Anna Benson |
| Rexburg Second Ward | 137 | 180 | 131 | Maud Taylor |
| Rexburg Third Ward | 64 | 71 | 111 | Wanda Hunziker |
| Rexburg Fourth Ward | 127 | 162 | 128 | Mary Moore |

It will be noted that each ward in Rexburg stake achieved well over 100 per cent in its subscriptions.

Rigby Stake

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Rigby Stake | 647 | 650 | 100 | Amelia Stallings |
| Menan First Ward | 59 | 65 | 110 | Grace Tucker |
| Menan Second Ward | 67 | 68 | 102 | Lizzie Golder |

## Of Silver Laughter

*Renie H. Littlewood*

On wooded mountain tops I hear
The sound of silver laughter,
And through the summer atmosphere,
An echo follows after.

With breezes puffing saucy cheeks,
The zephyr-cherubs scramble
Through green and leafy hide-and-seeks
In tree and bush and bramble.

The wood nymphs chatter secrets where
The west wind sways the birches,
Then, leaving them aquiver there,
He dips below, and searches

For willow reeds to make a song
Of happy, silver laughter;
And, as the music floats along,
The echo follows after.

# Table Settings and Flower Arrangements

Note: What could be more appropriate for June, the month of roses, than a discussion of flower arrangements and kindred subjects? For this reason I have asked Mr. A. J. Neff of the Neff Floral Company, Salt Lake City, to tell us of some of his personal discoveries with respect to nature's stock in trade of beauty. I am very happy to "turn the time over to him," for this article in my series.

—Mary Grant Judd

## *Pleasure From Simple Things*

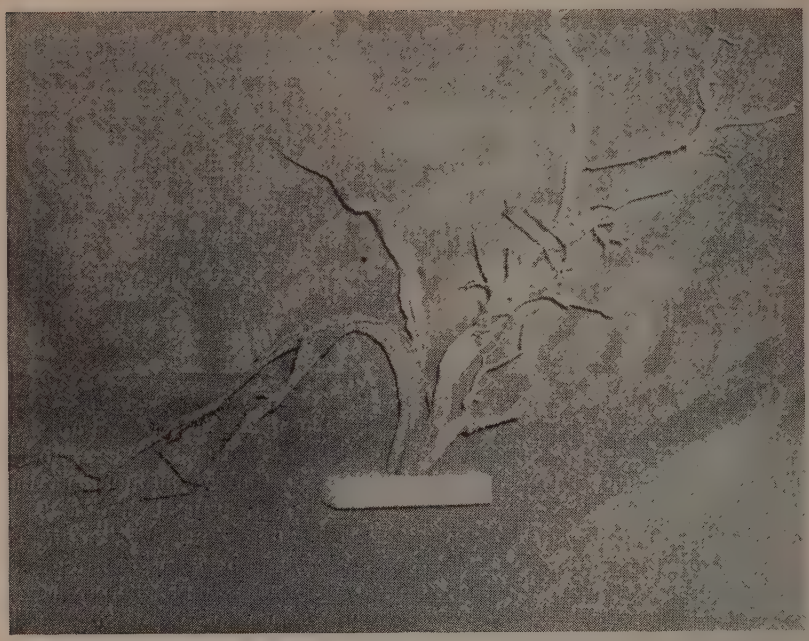
*A. J. Neff*

MANY volumes have been written on the art of flower arranging. Various rules have been presented such as the rule of height, the rule of balance, rules of color, of unity, and of focal point. Obviously, this brief article cannot do justice to all the rules involved and so, for the most part, the author chooses to touch upon them briefly, emphasizing what to him is the most important rule of all. This is that you find pleasure in flower arrangement, for it is an absorbing pastime.

This is the season of the year when most of us have flowers in our gardens. Experiment with them. Have fun arranging them. Now, when the blooms are plentiful, is the time to practice the various principles involved. Then, when winter comes, you will be able to use the somewhat expensive greenhouse flowers more effectively.

Learn to look around you. Look carefully! At any season of the year, you will find a tremendous amount of nature's ornamental products that you never dreamed existed. For example, all winter long there is a wealth of interesting dry material. It is a stimulating challenge to the designer's ability to take seemingly commonplace material that is available and make it into a thing of beauty. Picture an arrangement in a low chartreuse or brown bowl with a sharply accentuating spike of the redroot weed and, resting lower down, a cluster of tan seed pods of Ailanthus, or tree of heaven. Around the base, covering the pin frog, may be placed a few pieces of mottled clinkers with orelike substances gleaming through. Who would imagine that these latter had been salvaged from the ash can! Add a small figure to your arrangement, such as a weather-beaten Chinese peasant, and you have something that would add interest to any home.

In the early spring, when the trees and shrubs are just beginning to show life, become aware of other shrubs than the well known pussy willows. Bring into the house (provided you don't have hayfever!) the long catkins of the Carolina poplar, or the delicate flower of the lowly boxelder tree. Use this material as it comes on and, when it is gone, there will always be something else



A BRANCH ILLUSTRATING THE PRINCIPLE OF INFORMAL BALANCE

in the sequence of nature to take its place.

Whenever you go on a vacation, look for unusual branches, stumps, rocks, and grasses. Here is a hobby for the whole family to engage in together. Make a collection. For instance, instead of speeding across our Utah desert at an unsafe rate, stop once in awhile, get out and walk around a bit. Look especially where vegetation is having a hard time surviving. Usually in windswept areas or on extremely sandy or rocky hillsides—anywhere nature is having a difficult time—you will find the grotesque and weird-shaped branches and trees that are so tremendously interesting. Watch for them!

The writer, in company with his entire family, spent two very enjoyable afternoons, tramping the desert southwest of Tooele, Utah. It would be hard to say who enjoyed the outing most, the grownups, or the children, whose keen imaginations were given free play. How delighted they were to discover some twisted branch or weird-shaped stump and proudly add it to our collection. Even the baby seemed to know that some unusual pastime was in progress. My mother, who is of an age when many women prefer to sit at home, had a sparkle in her eye, as she picked up such objects as pieces of gnarled native cedar to represent her contribution to our store. We returned home with a wonderful assortment to add to our pleasure and that of our friends for many days to come.

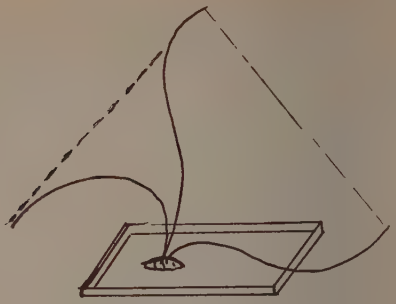
The accompanying illustration

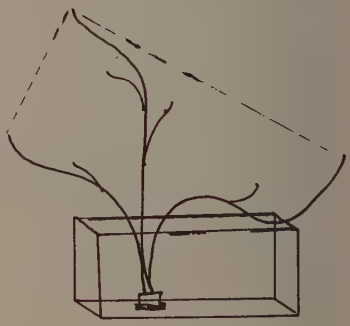
shows a fine specimen, exactly as it was picked up on our jaunt. This branch illustrates perfectly the principle of informal balance. Can't you just picture it mounted on a plaster of Paris base and set in a large window with ivy or philodendron twining around it?

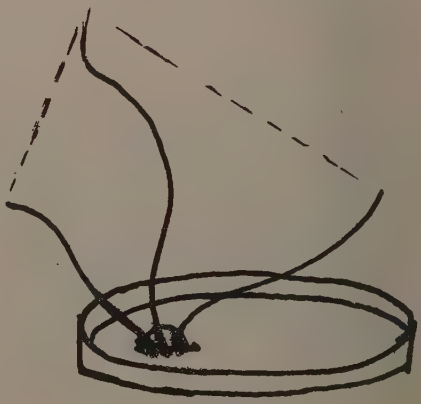
NOW as to the actual arranging of flowers. Remember it is always desirable to incorporate some *accent* into the design. It is like a dress. The dress that is remembered is the one with some sort of accent. It gives character to the dress and likewise, accent gives character to the flower arrangement. Usually the best accent flowers are those that grow in tall spikes, such as snapdragons, stocks, glads, heather, Liatris, and the like, many of which are to be found in our gardens. In the absence of a spike flower, one may be improvised by tying or wiring flowers together as a garland to resemble a spike.

Much has been written about "line" arrangements in flowers, and the term has been unnecessarily shrouded in mystery. Many people have told me: "Oh I couldn't do a line arrangement." Yet they go ahead and make a design and, without knowing it, use an adaptation of this principle. There is really nothing difficult about it. A "line" design is merely any arrangement that falls into dominant or accent lines. The beginner, placing asters loosely in a bowl usually makes a fine effect. She uses the "line of the circle."

Of more character than the line of the circle are those of the vertical, the horizontal, and various combina-







tions or adaptations of these two. The principal idea to keep in mind with any arrangement of dominant lines is to keep them flowing, graceful, and spontaneous, never set, rigid, or stiff.

One particular form, which is not only interesting but is capable of innumerable variations, is the line of the asymmetrical triangle. The accompanying diagrammatic illustrations show various adaptations of this informal arrangement. The diagrams show what would be twigs, branches, or flowers. In actual practice, however, the materials used are seldom found as illustrated but must be cut, bent, and arranged to conform to the desired effect. The drawings not only illustrate the principle of dominant lines but serve to show how balance may be achieved. (Note the effectiveness of placing the pin frog "off center" when using a low, shallow bowl.)

Much could be said, if space would permit, about the containers in which we place flowers. Do not be afraid to sharply accent. Make dominant lines really bold, leaving no doubt as to their dominance. One good rule to follow is to make your accent a minimum of one and a half times the height or length of the container. A florist often uses lines as much as two or three times the dimensions of the container.

If any part of the above discussion confuses you, please don't despair! Keep trying. Don't lose interest. Learn to experiment. Above all, don't make flower arranging a chore. It should always be on the light-hearted side. *Please have fun with your flowers.*

[This is the third in a series of short articles on table decorations, flower arrangements, and related subjects. In the coming months Sister Judd will present other suggestions suitable to particular seasons.—Ed.]

## *Margery*

*Katherine F. Larsen*

*Where can one find words for her?*
In the limpid dark wells of her eyes
Dwell many mysteries, many sorrows,
Yet from their depths spontaneous laughter springs,
Sparkling up like fountains toward the sun.

*Where are words to tell of her?*
Her voice is as moving and as strangely sweet
As the liquid fall of water in a cool canyon.
The strength, the flowing quality of her,
Are like a constant, slowly changing river.

A stillness lies upon her mouth, upon her hands,
Until the fluid lines of speech or laughter
Ripple them as water under wind.

# Pressed Flower Pictures—a "Designing" Hobby

Mina Hartvigsen Wright, Murray, Utah, Creates Lasting Beauty by Arranging Flowers in Frames

"MAKING pressed flower pictures is only one of my hobbies," Mrs. Wright explains, "but it challenges the skill of my fingers and the reaches of my mind." The possible patterns and combinations of form and color are infinite, but all of Mrs. Wright's "floral portraits" reveal gracefulness, expert blending of tones and tints, as well as striking and unique contrasts. In addition to the methods used by many hobbyists, Mrs. Wright experiments with tinting petals and coloring the delicate network of veins in the blossoms. She is an expert at the exacting art of sand pressing. Her designs have won many prizes and awards, including a certificate of honor presented by the Utah Centennial Committee in 1947.

With the first flowers of spring, Mrs. Wright begins to make her collections of buds and fully opened blossoms, and she follows through the seasons until she has a large variety of flowers preserved and ready for assembling. Although certain varieties are more easily and successfully pressed, Mrs. Wright has found methods of pressing all flowers so that they retain their beauty of form and color. However, flowers should not be picked for pressing while they are damp with dew, or wet with rain.

The sand pressing method, which Mrs. Wright has found to be practical as well as artistic, consists of placing the blossoms and buds in a flower pot and carefully filling in around them with clean dry sand and allowing them to remain immersed in the sand until they are thoroughly dry and ready for mounting. The more common method of pressing flowers flat between sheets of folded newspapers and applying weights is also used by Mrs. Wright very effectively, but she advises anyone using this method to place the flowers between folds of clean absorbent tissue paper before inserting them between the newspapers. For weights she uses an old anvil, a pan of nails, or any other heavy material which will exert sufficient pressure.

When the flowers have been gathered and pressed ready for assembling and designing into "portraits" Mrs. Wright prepares the picture frames and mounting materials. For the foundation of the portrait she uses heavy, smooth cardboard, padded with cheesecloth and covered with silk, satin, or taffeta in cream white or some pastel tint. The flowers are attached to the mounting with liquid paste. A masonite back is used to protect the picture from breakage and to seal it against dust and smoke.

Mrs. Wright, in spite of being crippled since childhood, lives a full and useful life. At the age of five she suffered a fall which broke her back and from which she has never fully recovered. Very early in her childhood she learned to make yarn flowers and mount them on velvet and under glass. She made tissue-paper flowers; she tinted modeling clay and used it for many arts, making flowers, figurines, and picture frames. She also learned dressmaking, quilt and rugmaking, and various types of handwork. A musician and organist of ability, Mrs. Wright is also a poet, having written over two hundred original compositions. In Church work her particular interest is genealogy, and at home her large family, six sons and a daughter, make life interesting and eventful. "What a privilege is life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," Mrs. Wright often remarks, for she has found the world wide and wonderful, and she endeavors to share her talents and her accomplishments with others.

# Inner Resources

*Caroline Eyring Miner*

"IF you are mature, you will be able to entertain yourself as well as others." This is a wise bit of philosophy I heard once long before I understood its complete meaning. Experience has clarified it.

I recall a neighbor of mine who did not seem to be able to do anything alone. If she was to make pies, she came for me or got another of her neighbors to peel apples with her. She wanted to help me do my washing and then have me help her so that we could be together. She did not seem to be able to spend an evening or even an hour by herself. When her husband and son were away, as they frequently were, she was always hatching up some excuse for a small party.

"How that woman must hate herself," my husband said once, impatiently.

"No, it isn't exactly that," I said, "she hasn't the inner reserves or resources that make herself worthy of entertaining herself. She hasn't developed fascinating hobbies, reading, fancywork, playing a musical instrument, writing poems, which might give her something to say to and to do with herself when she is alone. And so she makes an evil out of the fine quality of neighborliness by doing it to death."

And what a pity it is, for sooner or later, one will have occasion to be thrown upon one's own resources—in prolonged illness, in living in isolated areas—maybe in sheer defense when one's neighbors have grown weary of too much neighboring.

It would be well for all of us to take stock of our own resources, our ability to entertain ourselves. If we could say with the poet, "I'm the best friend that I ever had; I like to be with me," how rich we would be; emotionally, how mature.

# A Family's a Family

*Estelle Webb Thomas*

MRS. Damon laid down the letter and glanced around the breakfast table at the assortment of faces turned toward her, expectantly. "My goodness!" she murmured, helplessly. There was an instant of silence.

Mr. Damon cleared his throat. "When did you say they are coming?" he inquired.

"Tonight!" Mrs. Damon glanced at the letter for confirmation, hoping she had misread it, but knowing she hadn't. "Yes, tonight, the tenth. You see, the letter was delayed."

"Read it again!" Aunt Janey demanded, "I don't rightly know what you're talking about!" She cupped her hand behind her ear and leaned nearer, busily chewing, as she listened.

Mrs. Damon picked up the letter again and obligingly shouted, "I'll just read what he says about coming:

> So, I'm bringing her home to meet the family. She has about everything else in the world, but she doesn't have any relatives. There's where I have the advantage of her. Maybe a real, live family —and I do mean *live*, will help me to sell myself to her.

"And he says she's an orphan—raised in boarding schools!" Curtis, the fifteen-year-old, said, wonderingly. "What's he trying to do, shock the poor girl to death!"

"Oh, Curt!" Mrs. Damon's tone reproached him, but she added, doubtfully, "but I do wonder what she'll think of us?"

"She'll think I'm a fine figure of a man!" Mr. Damon complacently patted his billowing waistline.

"Prob'ly can't see the man for the figger!" Aunt Janey snapped, in one of her unexpectedly sharp moments. Mr. Damon laughed, goodnaturedly.

"Well, Aunt Janey, it cost too much to put it there, for me to want to lose any of it!" he yelled.

"See how proud Dale is of you all!" Mrs. Damon said, quickly, forestalling another comment by Aunt Janey, "I hope you'll do him credit!"

"His memory must be failing," Curt observed, cynically. "I remember when he wanted to keep us a secret from his girls."

"Oh, Curt, it wasn't that!" his mother protested. "It was just that he wanted you smaller ones to sort of grow on people, gradually."

"Couldn't we have the twins and Mike in bed when they get here?" Natalie suggested. Natalie was seventeen and, since she was in love most of the time, thought she could understand Dale's situation better than anyone else. "Let them grow on her gradually, as you say."

"But she'd be bound to find out about them next morning!" Mrs. Damon sighed.

"And they're so bouncy mornings!" Natalie said, hopelessly.

"We could give them sleeping pills—" Curt began, when the twins and Michael, who had been engaged in a quiet game of toast stealing while the grown-ups' attention was absorbed, suddenly woke up to

the fact the conversation concerned them.

"Jeepers!" Patty shouted, "what are we, smallpox or something? What've we done now?"

"Yes, what've we done, now?" Penny echoed.

Mike, hastily swallowing Penny's toast, wiped his mouth and assumed the angelic expression which was his assurance against accusation —just or unjust. "I've done nothing," he said, blandly.

"Murder will out!" Aunt Janey pronounced, grimly, scraping her cereal bowl.

"And Dale actually wants to exhibit these—" Curt began again, but Mr. Damon interrupted, sternly, "That will do, Curtis! If Dale is proud enough of the family to bring his girl all the way from Chicago to meet us, why should you feel so differently?"

"I don't know, Dad," Curtis considered the question gravely, "there are some old adages that might explain it. 'Distance lends enchantment,' is one, and 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder.' I imagine it's the latter that applies to Dale's case. Nothing could lend enchantment to our kids."

"Well, as I allus say," remarked Aunt Janey, apropos of nothing, "There's just as good fish in the sea as was ever caught."

"THANK goodness, it's Saturday," Mrs. Damon said, rising briskly. "You can all help get ready for them. We do want to do Dale proud, bless his heart. I mustn't forget to start those rolls he asks for in his postscript. Let's see—Natalie, I'll turn the living room over to you." She turned distractedly to the twins. "You girls do your room, and do it well! But first, wash the dishes. And do keep your eyes on Michael! Michael!"

Mike, who had been sneaking out, turned slowly back.

"Gather up all your toys, from the hall and everywhere and take them up to the attic." Mike's angelic smile faded, "But what'll I play with?" he whined.

"Get outside and play like a boy!" Curt said, impatiently. "You're too big to play with toys all the time."

Mike threw back his shoulders and looked every one of his six years. "That's right!" he said, finding the suggestion good.

"And you, Curtis," Mrs. Damon went inexorably on, "please shake all the rugs and hang them on the line, till we get the floors waxed."

Curtis, who thought she had forgotten him and was trying to slip away to his workshop in the attic, reluctantly shuffled into the living room.

"I didn't have time to shave this morning," Mr. Damon said, hastily snatching his hat and coat. "Will it be too much to hope that I can have the bathroom for a brief period this evening?" Without waiting for an answer, he dashed into the hall and, a moment later, a heavy thud brought the family on a run to see him scrambling up off the floor.

"Where's that Mike?" he shouted, wrathfully, "he—I'll—that's the last time I'll ever slip on that thing!" He kicked a bright, red dump truck viciously across the hall.

"Are you hurt, John?" Mrs. Damon asked, anxiously, as she stooped

automatically to pick up the offending truck.

"No thanks to that kid if I'm not," her husband muttered, "and put that toy right back where it was! He'll never learn to put his toys away, so long as you do it for him!"

Mrs. Damon meekly replaced the truck and looked vaguely around for Michael. He seemed to have disappeared, but she could hear the twins upstairs, loudly cleaning their room. Probably he was with them or Curt. Aunt Janey was calling and she hurried away.

When Curtis had finally retreated to his attic laboratory, Mrs. Damon again missed Michael. She took her hands out of the dough and went to the foot of the stairs. "Curtis! Is Michael with you?" An indistinguishable murmur answered her. "Well, send him down to pick up his toys," she called, and went back to finish mixing her rolls and plan the rest of her dinner. At 11:30, she called Natalie, "I must run downtown, dear. Aunt Janey wants some yarn matched, and you know how she is—doesn't think you could possibly do it right! Besides, I think I'll ask Esther for her recipe for shrimp salad, it's better than mine. Fix the children some soup and crackers, will you, and take Aunt Janey a tray? And please get Michael out of the attic and see that he picks up his toys!" She hurried away, skirting the dump truck, still in the hall.

IT was inevitable that there should be callers that afternoon. Mrs. Damon laughed and chatted, inwardly seething. Nothing was being made ready for the visitors.

Natalie, who had started to make her room immaculate, for Elyse must share it with her, was cross-legged on the floor, deep in old letters, as she always ended up when she tackled her vanity drawers. Curt was presumably in his laboratory, as always when he had his way, and from their shrieks and laughter, it was evident the twins were sprinkling the lawn and particularly each other.

The dough for the rolls was booming over the pan's edge, when the guests finally took their leave. "Look out for the dump truck!" Mrs. Daman called, just in time to save fat Mrs. Boris a bad fall. "I have to leave it for Michael to pick up—his father's orders."

"Where *is* Michael?" she cried, a few minutes later, "I can't remember when I saw him last!" Feeling suddenly terribly uneasy, she ran into Natalie's room. "Nat, where's Michael? Where did he go after lunch?"

"He wasn't here for lunch, Mother." Natalie looked up, absently. "Didn't he go with you?"

"Curtis!" shrieked Mrs. Damon, running to the foot of the stairs, "is Mike with you?"

"I haven't seen Mike since breakfast," Curtis answered, crossly. "I was right in the middle—"

"Oh, my baby! Oh, gracious, where is he?" Mrs. Damon's anguished cry brought the other children running. In a few minutes, sobered and anxious, they had scattered in search of him, and Mrs. Damon was frantically telephoning her husband.

At six o'clock, Curtis came in with the vagrant, followed, during

the next half hour, by the other detachments of the searchers, returning, wearily, to report failure. Aunt Janey, who had remained unmoved throughout the entire affair, now commented oracularly, "Don't I always say, a bad penny will return?"

Michael, it transpired, had taken Curt's suggestion that he play like a boy, literally. He had wandered into the streets, joined a gang going fishing, or rather been allowed to tag along, been dared to go swimming, and almost drowned in the icy water, before one of the boys had discovered he knew very little about swimming.

The frightened boys had tried to send him home then, and Michael had been quite ready to go. He was hungry and cold and dirty. The only thing that had prevented his going straight home was that he did not know where his home was. Suddenly, he was an adventurer no longer, but a little boy, barely six, with lots of nice toys at home and a mother it seemed he had not seen for years. He had begun to cry, standing by the dusty road, rubbing his eyes with grimy fists, tears streaking the dirt on his woebegone little face. A kindly trucker had picked him up and was trying, at a gas station on the outskirts of town, to find where the Damons lived, when Curt caught sight of Mike's dirt-streaked face behind an enormous hamburger, and had claimed him.

Curt and Mike arrived home shortly before the twins, who were almost as disreputable looking as Mike—limp and dejected, hair ribbons lost and hair flying loose. Victims of conscience because they had not "looked out" for Michael, they dragged in, so sure he was kidnapped and lost forever that, at sight of his filthy, smug little face, they began to howl, with mingled relief and anger, that he had made them suffer so.

There were more tears from Mrs. Damon and Natalie a few minutes later and a few forceful remarks from Mr. Damon before he hurried into the bathroom, declaring he was going to get his shaving over before cleaning operations began on those kids.

MRS. Damon was in the kitchen starting the delayed dinner, when his voice rang through the house, irritably demanding quiet. "I can't even hear myself shave in this racket!" he yelled.

"Hear yourself shave?" Mrs. Damon shouted back. She was in the midst of shaping her rolls and couldn't run as she usually did at his call.

"Certainly!" he stuck his lathered face through the bathroom doorway. "Didn't you know I had to learn to shave by ear? Curt is always taking the light bulb for his pesky workroom and leaving the socket empty!" Still grumbling, he disappeared into the bathroom.

"Oh, dear!" Mrs. Damon despaired of making Curt hear through the hubbub. Let John shave by ear and get out of the bathroom so Natalie could start on the children before Dale and Elyse arrived.

It was at this inauspicious moment that the front door was thrown open and a joyous shout of, "Hi, folks! Here's—" followed by two heavy thuds, brought everyone, in-

cluding Mr. Damon, with one side of his face lathered, to the front hall. On the floor, flat on his back, lay Dale and sprawled across him, a girl who was pretty even in that ridiculous position. In the excitement of finding Michael, someone had kicked the dump truck back into the middle of the hall.

Mr. Damon, looking like a one-sided Santa Claus, and Curtis helped the embarrassed couple to their feet, and Dale, laughing and rather red-faced, began introductions. He hesitated when he came to the three younger ones, as if he could scarcely recognize the little tramps; but went manfully on, "And this pair, Patty and Penny, better known as the Gruesome Twosome or Double Trouble, and Mike—"

"An angel with a dirty face!" Michael put in dimpling. He felt quite a hero as the cause of so much commotion and, remembering that Natalie had so designated him in a moment of weakness, thought it would help to establish his status with Elyse.

"It never rains but it pours, I allus say," Aunt Janey pronounced, ambiguously, when she was introduced.

With such a start for the visit, Mrs. Damon feared the worst. But the children, evidently feeling they had done their worst, were almost models of propriety. Michael did ask Elyse, earnestly, if she thought Daddy was a fine figger of a man and Patty repeated Aunt Janey's trenchant comment. Penny then volunteered the information that Mother would probably be a fine figure of a woman if she didn't do bendings all the time, and at the mental picture of Mother's "bendings," she and Patty had such an attack of giggles they had to be sent away from the table.

There was another awkward moment when Aunt Janey, chewing vigorously with her front teeth, stared balefully over her glasses at Elyse and stated, cryptically, "Well, pretty is as pretty does, I allus say."

These lapses were quickly covered by the adult and aware members of the family, but Mr. Damon's tone was hollowly hearty and Mrs. Damon was frankly flustered. Even Natalie and Curt, with all the aplomb of modern youth, felt they were fighting a lost cause. Dale watched Elyse anxiously, trying to see behind her polite, smiling mask, giving the others piteous glances that begged, come on now, please show her how nice you can really be!

But when the children were sent to bed, loudly protesting that it was still early, the sense of sitting on top of an active volcano somewhat abated, although there was still Aunt Janey to be reckoned with. Mrs. Damon tactfully suggested that the travelers must be weary and, as soon as was decently possible, everyone retired.

DALE breathed a huge sigh of relief when the last good night was said. He lingered a moment alone in the livingroom, trying to get back the joy that reunion with the family usually brought. But he could not help seeing the children through Elyse's eyes. Elyse, who had never known any home, but fashionable boarding schools, would un-

doubtedly classify them as brats and Aunt Janey as a "character."

At that, the children had been tired and, for them, subdued during the evening. He shuddered at the thought of morning, when, refreshed and full of good will, they would take over the entertainment of the guest. Thank goodness, there would be a few hours respite before they must be coped with again. But he had congratulated himself too soon. In the hall, the pajama-clad twins were just completing a transaction whereby they had sold Elyse, whom they had waylaid en route to bed, a dollar's worth of garden seeds to help their "school projeck." They were highly indignant when he caught them on the stairs and tried to gently reprove them. Patty said if he thought that was bad what about Elyse washing her face in the pitch dark because Curt had forgotten to put back the bulb.

And then, when he was just sinking into uneasy slumber, a terrified shriek had brought him upright again and he had realized, with a sinking heart, that it came from Nat's room. It seemed that when the two girls had turned out the light and climbed into bed, Elyse, with an involuntary scream, had jumped right out again. Down under the covers, where he had crawled from the pillow, was Mike's pet horned toad, Galahad, every bit as frightened and upset as Elyse. Then, between a wild desire to laugh and humiliation, Dale and Natalie assured Elyse this was not a piece of cruel mischief, but simply a love offering and proof of how deeply Mike had fallen for her, since no-one else was ever allowed to touch Galahad.

Quiet, like a much disturbed bird, once more settled cautiously over the house. The girls finished their desultory conversation and were drifting off to sleep when a resounding bumpety-bump jarred the ceiling directly over their heads. That Curt, Nat thought, angrily, was big enough to know better. Evidently he had not gone to bed but was still working in his stupid laboratory, and had carelessly dropped something. She slipped out of bed and quietly tiptoed from the room. Why the quiet, she did not know except to keep up the fiction that Elyse was asleep. She was ashamed of making excuses. She jerked the attic door open and hissed, "I heard you trying to knock the house down and thought it was in very poor taste!" Curt looked up innocently from his notebook, "Oh, you mean when I accidently pushed all those books off the table?"

"Was that what it was? I thought you'd dropped a ton of brick. Elyse nearly jumped out of bed!"

"Elyse better take something for her nerves, if she's going to be one of us," Curt murmured, breathlessly.

"Don't you kids ever settle down, day or night?" Dale stood at the foot of the stairs, his face strained and disillusioned. "I thought we used to have fairly peaceful nights, anyway." He turned back into his room, and the two stared at each other with stricken faces. Natalie's eyes filled with tears and even Curtis' monumental calm was shaken. "I guess we've kind of let him down," he muttered, as they crept down the stairs.

EARLY next morning, Dale knocked purposefully on Natalie's door.

"Nat, tell Elyse we'll have to be going, if she's to catch the seven-thirty train!" he called.

"But, Dale—" he had gone into the kitchen, however, where his mother was starting breakfast. "Mother, could Elyse and I have a bite before the others get up, so I can get her to the seven-thirty?"

Mrs. Damon turned a bewildered face, "But Dale, I thought—"

"No, she'll be going back this morning," Dale interrupted, bleakly. "I'll stay on for a week," he added, turning away. His manner forbade questioning and, puzzled and depressed, his mother began setting the table. She had had the impression they were both staying a week and going back together. Well, maybe she had misunderstood.

Elyse made a mere pretense of eating, as did Dale, and bade Mrs. Damon a subdued goodbye. Her face was as pale and strained as Dale's and they drove to the depot in absolute silence. Silently, too, Dale carried her suitcases to the station platform and then stiffly held out his hand.

"Well, goodbye, Elyse. I hope you'll forgive me. I certainly was a fool, but it's better you found out now than when it was too late."

"But, Dale—" Elyse began, but he held up his hand.

"Never mind making excuses, Elyse. I know just how the family appeared to you. I think I actually saw them through your eyes. I can see how those kids would seem to a girl raised like you've been. I'd sort of forgotten how impossible they are."

"Listen, Dale—"

"Wait! I want to apologize for bringing you here, and for thinking, even for a minute, you could ever be happy with that—that three-ring circus—"

"Dale—"

"Or with me either. I'm not trying to pretend I'm not one of them. To be perfectly honest, I get a big kick out of those kids. If they'd change, I'd be disappointed as—I'd be disappointed. It's just that—well, we're not your kind of people!"

Elyse said, coldly, "If you're quite through, Dale, may I say something before the train leaves?"

"Sure! Come right out with what you think of them. I won't be offended!"

"All right, I will! Except it's what I think of you, Dale Damon! I think you're the smuggest, most selfish boy I ever knew! Rushing me off after one night, when you'd invited me for a week! Giving me the brush-off without any explanation! What did I do?"

"You?" Dale stammered, "Why, nothing, but Elyse—"

"Shut up!" Elyse snapped, furiously. "You can't do all the talking, you know, even if you are the only one with a family—a background—" She choked and Dale said, in a bewildered tone, "But those kids, Aunt Janey—I could just hear you telling your friends about them—"

"I wonder if you could, really?" Elyse asked, in a curious voice. "Since you have so good an imagination, try imagining what it is never to have a soul of your own to talk about. To always have to sit

mum when the others rattle on about their folks! To never get a letter or a package from home? Sure, I was going to talk about them! I was going to bring them into the conversation every time I got a chance! They were going to be mine, you selfish prig! My Gruesome Twosome, my funny Aunt Janey, my darling little Mike, my—" Her voice had grown higher and higher, and now she broke into hysterical sobs and started blindly for the train door.

Dale set down her luggage and seized her arm. "Elyse, wait—" Elyse jerked away. "Leave me alone you—you—"

A stocky policeman, who had been watching them from a distance, stepped nearer and said, in a low, but menacing tone, "Leave the lady alone, buddy, and stop bothering her, see!" Dale turned a haughty stare on him.

"I'll do no such thing! She's trying to run out on the family. I admit they're a pill, but after all, a family's a family!"

"Oh, my mistake!" the policeman acknowledged, rather embarrassed. He turned to Elyse. "Sure thing! You got a family, lady, you got 'em. They get onto your nerves, sure, but you just can't take a powder! Might as well face it!"

Elyse turned back and lifted tear-drenched eyes to Dale's, a tremulous smile breaking over her face, like the sun through rain. "He's right, Dale! I've got me a family and I'm simply not going to take a powder! You might as well face it."

# Rescue That Little Rocker

*Rachel K. Laurgaard*

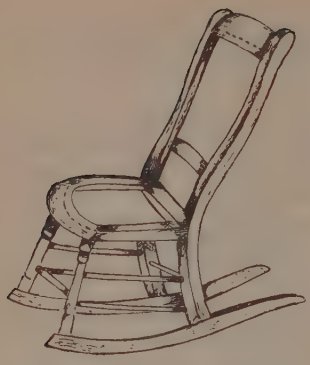
IN how many junk-filled attics does Grandmother's little, old sewing rocker stand forlornly gathering dust and cobwebs, its cane seat poked through, awaiting the coming of the itinerant chair-mender, who will never pass this way again! Sometimes it rocks dejectedly on the back porch through sunshine and through rain until, falling apart, it is tossed on the woodpile or carried off by the junkman.

Such a pity it is for this quaint piece to come to so neglected an end, when it might still grace a fireside or add charm to a period bedroom!

No piece of solid wood furniture is ever in too hopeless a state to be refinished or repaired. True, the upholstery may be worn and soiled—tear it off and throw it away. The pretty natural markings of its wood may be concealed by layers of dark varnish and paint—scrape them off. A few hours of effort and a little application of elbow grease will reward you with a chair of which you can well be proud.

To transform the rocker, you will need a can of paint and varnish remover, a putty knife or scraper, a file for the rungs and corners where the paint clings so tenaciously, sandpaper, boiled linseed oil, and turpentine.

First, spread plenty of newspapers down and go after the old finish,



If your chair has been painted and repainted several times, it may take a couple of coats of paint remover to get it clean. The more work you let the paint remover do, the less work there will be for the sandpaper—and you. Scrape off the gummy paint with the putty knife, being careful not to gouge the wood. Dry it off thoroughly, and file and sandpaper it smooth.

Some woods are softer and easier to work with than others. If you are lucky enough to have a walnut chair, you can get a smooth satiny finish in a comparatively short time. Maple and oak are harder. Always sandpaper with the grain. Coarse sandpaper will gouge walnut, but you may have to resort to it on badly scarred maple or oak. But be careful! Coarse sandpaper cuts deeply. A medium grade is the safest, and, for the final smoothing, use only the very finest.

IF your little rocker has become unglued or broken, you will probably find it more convenient to send it out to a fix-it shop for repairs. Furniture clamps are a necessity for a good job of re-gluing. Sometimes, however, it is an easy matter to glue a loose joint or two and, by means of a well-placed screw, hold them securely. Small metal angles or flat strips with holes for screws can be used to advantage to strengthen the seat from beneath.

Now for the finishing process! If the wood is walnut, use walnut oil stain sparingly, and after that has dried, walnut wood filler, to fill the pores. When this has set for the required length of time, rub in a mixture of boiled linseed oil and turpentine—two-thirds linseed oil to one-third turpentine. The finest of hand-rubbed furniture has a finish impervious to water, achieved by the application of several coats of oil, with light sandpaper between each coat. In fact, if you have real patience, eliminate the stain entirely and darken the wood slowly by rubbing in repeated coats of oil. However, if you wish to finish your little rocker quickly, two coats of oil are enough, with a good coat of liquid floor wax to top it off.

Oak, maple, birch, and any others of the lighter woods are very nice finished in their natural color without benefit of stain. With oak, an oak filler may be used to seal the pores, or you may merely oil and wax it. Maple and birch are so

close-grained that they don't need a filler.

YOUR little rocker is now ready for its covering. If it was in a good state of repair and had never had other covering than the caning, you may like to have it re-caned. This, of course, is the authentic thing to do and, perhaps in your community, there is an elderly cabinet-maker who, in his youth, learned the almost extinct art of caning. But cane seats are perishable, unfortunately, and long before your little rocker was relegated to the attic, it probably had a succession of makeshift seats tacked onto it. If such is the case, and there are many nail holes close to the caning holes, it will be better to fill them with plastic wood and do an upholstering job.

This will not be difficult. Five yards of upholsterer's webbing, and plenty of tacks will do the trick. Fold the ends of two or three strips of the webbing, depending on the size of the seat, along the front, as close to the inside edge as possible, without danger of splitting or weakening the wood. Pull each strip so tight it twangs. Turn under and tack similarly to the back edge. Then attach three more strips to one side, weave them through the first three strips, and attach firmly to the other side. The tighter the webbing is stretched, the less sag will develop in the seat. Do the back in a like manner.

Now stretch a piece of burlap or canvas over the webbing and tack down. If you can, use horsehair or upholster's moss for padding, especially for the seat. Old horsehair should be washed and dried in the sun to restore its springiness. But any sort of cotton batting will do very well and, in case you do use hair or moss, be sure to cover it with a layer of cotton so that it won't poke through the cover. Remember that the stuffing will pack down considerably, so use plenty of it, and cover this with muslin.

Needlepoint or tapestry may be tacked on with small upholsterer's tacks, with matching braid glued around the edge, and caught with a curved needle and thread. Brass-headed tacks make a neat finish, too. Ruffled calico or chintz is best sewed onto the muslin cover, to make it easily removable for washing.

There now, aren't you proud of your handiwork! And can't you just see Grandmother's eyes light up as she sees you rocking in her little chair?

## CARROT MARMALADE

*Submitted by Frances Kolarik*

4 large carrots
4 lemons
4 pints of water
5 pounds of sugar

Grate the carrots and slice the lemons thin. Pour the water over the mixture of the carrots and lemons and let stand overnight. Next morning, boil the mixture slowly for one hour, then add the sugar and boil until the mixture jells.

(Note: This recipe was sent to Mrs. Kolarik by Mrs. Carl Morris of Graytown, New Zealand. Sister Morris, the mother of six children, is a faithful friend to the Latter-day Saint missionaries and has become "a mother away from home" to many missionaries.)

# Joanna

*Margery S. Stewart*

## Chapter 6

Synopsis: Joanna, who had married David Niels against the wishes of her family, is left a widow with four children to support and care for. Courageously, she takes inventory of her meager resources and plans for the future. A neighbor gives her a sack of navy beans and Joanna decides to make Boston-baked beans for sale. Another neighbor, Abigail Smith, offers to help with ideas and transportation. From a slow and unpromising beginning, they build a profitable business. Joanna rears her children with love and devotion and, after years of careful saving, she plans to buy a house on a hill. A real estate salesman, Kent Taylor, takes Joanna to see a house he has for sale.

JOANNA took a deep breath of the chill air. Everything seemed different. Not just another autumn, this had a secret exciting something in it, as if the days had something special to give her.

He turned up the hill that led toward the Capitol. "This is the best way to get to the house . . . the long way around."

"But I'm so busy," Joanna answered breathlessly, "besides, I have to be home by three-thirty. The children get out of school then, and you must have a lot of customers waiting."

He said loftily, "They are Mother's. Let 'em wait. Besides they are all very old, or fat, or . . . anyway, this is a lot more fun."

Laughter began a slow growing in Joanna, not the ready laughter she had for her children, or the neighborly laughter for Abigail's tart comments, but a laughter from deep within, as when winter withdraws, foot by foot, and spring begins her tasks. It was like that, as though her heart had been enclosed in ice and was now breaking free.

The house was an old one, but well-built. It stood high up from the street, and was reached by climbing a flight of stairs. Lawns sloped sharply to the street. The porch was in need of paint, but it was wide and long, plenty of space for Sally and Michael and their friends. The living room was long, too. It boasted a window seat. Against the east wall was a brick fireplace, painted white to match the woodwork. The floors were hardwood, recently sanded and waxed. Joanna caught her breath when she saw the dining room. It had such possibilities. Stairs ran up the west wall to the second floor; under the high east windows were shelves. The paper was beautifully patterned, green leaves and traceries, giving the effect of summer sun and cheerful shade. Joanna touched the paper with gentle finger tips. She looked up to find Kent Taylor's eyes on her and she blushed.

She went on tiptoe into the kitchen, because suddenly their footsteps seemed very loud in the deserted house. There was an electric range. She turned to Kent Taylor, who leaned against the door.

He nodded. "It goes with the house. There's a stoker downstairs, you'll never have to carry another bucket of coal."

She looked down at her hands. They were gloved, but he must have noticed them this morning, the coal dust ground into the skin.

She looked out the back door. No blackened sheds, with coal dust marking a path to the door, but a white-painted garage and roses and lilac bushes around the green lawn, a peach and a cherry tree to give shade as well as fruit.

"I know it's going to cost more then I can pay," Joanna said.

There was a bedroom downstairs and three upstairs. Joanna wove her dreams. She would take the downstairs bedroom, share it with Sally. The big bedroom, upstairs, opened onto a little screened porch. Penny would love that. David could have the next larger bedroom, and Michael would like the small one with the sloping ceiling.

She turned to Kent Taylor. "But I have so little . . . not enough. Not nearly enough."

He whistled regretfully, "They are asking quite a little down." He helped her down the stairs. "But there is always a way to raise money."

She said, wonderingly, "What on earth do you do for a living that would lead you to make a statement like that?"

He grinned. His hair was very red in the sun, and she could see the freckles spattering his skin. "I'm a writer . . . of articles. That's how I know that something always turns up."

"I won't borrow for a down payment."

He helped her into the car and slid under the wheel. "Somehow I knew you would say that. You're different, Mrs. Niels. There's something about you . . . ."

HE told her about himself on the drive home. He was thirty-six, her age. Joanna stole a look at the blunt profile. He seemed so much younger than she, and there was no difference in their years. He had been married. She had died of injuries suffered in an accident. Kent Taylor ran his hands around the steering wheel.

"I've never been able to tell anyone before, the horror of it. She was so young, so beautiful, so alive. It was strange to watch her die, the hot, quick life pouring out of her in the red flood they couldn't stop. It made me know what an enemy life is. Not to be trusted. It makes me realize what an idiot a man can be to dream. Dreams, fragile as china, as easily broken." He stared straight ahead. "Well, I've done a good job of keeping a hop, skip, and a jump ahead of life. I'm never giving it another chance to get at me."

Joanna looked at her worn gloves and listened to him. He spoke of places he had been. The glamorous names slipped lightly from his tongue, and Joanna could see him moving among the fabulous people, his red hair like a bright banner, his easy laughter winning friends on every side, and always that secret armor to keep out those who would come too close.

She was sorry when they reached home. It was like stepping out of a brightly lighted world into a drab, familiar room. The little house seemed more battered than ever, smaller; the fence sagged. For the first time, Joanna knew a rebellion

against closing the door and donning the flat, comfortable shoes, and sifting the endless flour into the great bowls, against carrying the heavy buckets of coal to feed the ever-hungry ranges.

The children poured out of the house to greet her. Penny, slim and eager, brought up the rear. "Did you find it, Mother? Did you find our house?"

"All yours?" Kent asked.

Joanna put her arms around Michael and Sally. "All mine." She saw the cloud obscure, for a brief moment, his laughter.

"Crown jewels," he said, and the twinkle was back. "I'm Connie's Uncle Kent," he said to Penny. He reached in his pocket for the keys and held them out to Joanna. "Just in case you want to run up and see it again." He patted Michael absently on the head. "I'll come tomorrow."

"I can't look for houses tomorrow. I'll be too busy."

"Work can wait," he said. "But it's a crime not to see more of these autumn days."

When he had gone the children besieged her with questions. Abigail came running over. "Where have you been? Orders have been pouring in."

Joanna chuckled. "All right, I'm almost ready for the salt mines, but how about all of us getting in the truck and going up to see this house?" She looked at Abigail and added soberly, "I'd give anything to own it. It's a . . . a home."

SHE drove them up to the house. They shouted with joy at the mere sight of it. She went ahead of them, unlocking the door with a flourish. The children and Abigail spread over the rooms like ants. Joanna was hard put to keep up with their demands that she come here and there. She followed Penny up the stairs to the bedroom in the front.

"This would be for you," Joanna said.

Penny went over to the door that opened on the little porch. Her back stiffened. "Oh, Mother!" It was like a cry.

Joanna went to her. "What is it, Penny?"

Penny pointed silently below her where the city's lights, like countless gems in a black velvet box, scattered from hill to hill. Southward the lights stretched, to the east they tumbled down the hills, and to the west they lost themselves on the black plains. The starry sky seemed to billow to meet the earth like a great curtain.

"It's lovely," Joanna said, and was aware that Penny was crying. "Why, child? What is it?"

Penny buried her face on Joanna's shoulder. "It's so beautiful!" she wept. "It hurts me inside. Makes me so full of . . . . I don't know what to call it."

Joanna was silent, holding Penny in her arms. But the cry went up from her heart, from the very depths of the longing she had, to give her children happiness. Please, Joanna prayed silently, please, let us have this house . . . if it is thy will . . . I most humbly pray.

She stroked Penny's hair. "If it's right for us, we'll have it."

"But it is right," Penny whispered. "I just know it is."

(*Continued on page 427*)

# NOTES FROM THE FIELD

*Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer*

Regulations governong the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" appear in the *Magazine* for April 1948, page 274.

## ANNIVERSARY SOCIALS, BAZAARS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Amanda M. Johnston

### EAST PROVO STAKE (UTAH), PROVO THIRTEENTH WARD SEWING PROJECT ARTICLES DISPLAYED AT PARTY

Left to right: Second Counselor Rosamonde Johnson; First Counselor Glenna Hill; Mary Larsen and Catherine Gauchay, work meeting leaders; President Abbie Dutson.

The exhibit was displayed in a gay frame, surrounded by daffodils and pussy willows. Included were pretty blouses, cotton dresses, skirts, pajamas, quilts, and many smaller items. During the party Miss Anne Seilmeir of Belgium related a number of interesting stories regarding welfare work in her country.

Amanda Johnston is president of East Provo Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Alice DeMordaunt

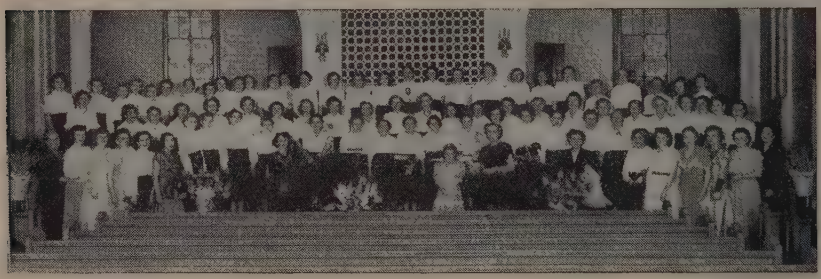
BLACKFOOT STAKE (IDAHO), THOMAS WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS HONORED AT PARTY, April 1949

Front row, seated, left to right: Grace Merrill (now of Logan, Utah); Zada Peterson, who served over fourteen years; Sophia Christiansen, who served over eleven years; Pearl Murdock; Julia Williams; Lilly Dance.

Back row, standing, left to right: Gertrude Williams; Marie Anderson; Mary Broadhead; Arvilla Stander; Alta Stander; Gladys Evans, present President.

Each of these faithful and devoted presidents was honored with a corsage. The program presented a favorite song of each of the presidents and a social hour and refreshments followed. The Relief Society of the Thomas Ward was organized in 1902. Two of the living past presidents, Annie Colman (of St. Anthony, Idaho) and Melissa Murdock (who lives in California) were unable to attend.

Alice DeMordaunt is president of Blackfoot Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Lorena W. Anderson

TEMPLE VIEW STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS GIVE CONCERT IN HONOR OF RELIEF SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY March 17, 1949

Among the officers and members in this photograph, are: Lorena W. Anderson, President, Temple View Stake Relief Society, back row, fourth from right; and at her left First Counselor Margaret A. Moyes; Second Counselor Bernice O. Wardle, stand-

ing back of the piano, immediately behind the chorister, Naomi B. Hahn, (wearing black dress), center front; Secretary-Treasurer Leah L. West, at right on the front row; DeEtte Stewart at the piano; Sue Christensen at the organ.

The entire stake board are members of this chorus, which is made up of singing groups from all the wards in the stake, and also the Mexican Branch. The girls wearing formal dresses, representing the wards, acted as ushers.

Lorena W. Anderson is president of Temple View Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Ida S. Hendrickson

## SNOWFLAKE STAKE (ARIZONA), SNOWFLAKE WARD RUGMAKERS DISPLAY THEIR HANDICRAFT

Left to right: Minnie Rencher; Nettie Rencher; Leonora Rogers; Wilmirth Willis; Alice Shaw.

Insets, left to right: Salina S. Turley and Julia S. Ballard.

At a February work meeting in Snowflake Ward ten types of rugs were demonstrated, also a wool blanket woven by Jenny Morris on a handmade loom. This rug received the Blue Ribbon at the Arizona State Fair.

Sister Turley has served for fifty years as a visiting teacher. As a girl she spent six years helping her father freight from Holbrook to Fort Apache and she took many Relief Society quilts on her travels and sold them for the benefit of the organizations. At the age of twenty-one, when her mother died, she took charge of her eight brothers and sisters. In 1911 she married a widower, Theodore Turley, and cared for his seven children. Sister Turley is an expert needlewoman. In one summer she made 120 bonnets.

Sister Ballard, a daughter of the noted pioneer Jesse N. Smith, was a pioneer of Snowflake. She has been a Relief Society visiting teacher for fifty-three years, and is the mother of ten children and stepmother to five. Also, she has served the community as a good and kind neighbor in times of sorrow and sickness.

Ida S. Hendrickson is president of Snowflake Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Jessie S. Reese

SMITHFIELD STAKE (UTAH), ANNIVERSARY PAGEANT
"Such as I Have I Give Unto Thee," March 18, 1949

Seated, left to right: Pauline Griffin; Eunice Ravsten; Roma Low; Leone Chambers; Cherrill Hendricks; Blanche Gunnell; Mary Mather.

Standing, left to right: Wanda Larson; Yvonne Peterson; Beverly Benson; Marion Bischoff; Bessie Griffin.

This anniversary program and pageant was held in honor of the retiring presidency and board members: Anne M. Farr, Hilda J. Roskelley, Elizabeth P. Astle, Gwen M. Noble, and Emma R. Hansen. The pageant was written by Lillie P. Weeks and Mary P. Hale, depicting in song and drama the work of Relief Society during the eleven years that Sister Farr served as stake president, stressing, in particular, Welfare work. The photograph represents womanhood and the four graces, Faith, Hope, Charity, and Courage, the two readers, and the dancers.

Alta C. Allen is now president of Smithfield Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Madge P. Fowler

PASADENA STAKE (CALIFORNIA), BALDWIN PARK WARD RELIEF SOCIETY COMMEMORATES ANNIVERSARY DAY, March 15, 1949

Relief Society officers, beginning fourth from left: First Counselor Florence Tillman; President Mary M. Thorne; Second Counselor Audrey Sessions; Secretary Lillian Wilcox.

Madge P. Fowler is president of Pasadena Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Joy A. Johnson

PROVO STAKE (UTAH), PROVO FIRST WARD ANNIVERSARY SOCIAL HONORS VISITING TEACHERS WITH PRESENTATION OF A PAGEANT, March 16, 1949

Front row, seated, left to right: Josephine Johnson, representing Caroline M. T. Johnson, first president of the First Ward Relief Society; Sarah E. F. Jones, representing the first counselor to Sister Johnson; Martha Jones, representing Sister Johnson's second counselor; Mary Buttle, representing Emmeline B. Wells; Eva Martin, representing Zina D. H. Young; Catherine T. Anderson, present President, First Ward Relief Society; Nellie Peay, representing Eliza R. Snow; Martha Cragun, representing Bathsheba W. Smith; Lucile Clark, representing Clarissa S. Williams; Mary F. Hatch, representing Louise Y. Robinson; Elva Hoover, representing Amy Brown Lyman; Blanche Davis, representing Belle S. Spafford.

Back row, standing, left to right: Adleen Knight of the program committee; Secretary-Treasurer Mabel Bray; Lucile Ahlander (in frame), representing Emma Hale Smith; Norma Dyer, soloist; Francis Callahan, member of the program committee.

Mazie C. Knell is president of Provo Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Fannye H. Walker

TAYLOR STAKE (CANADA), RAYMOND THIRD WARD RHYTHM BAND

Left to right: Idelle Kenney; Lottie Graham; Annie Adams; Mabel Salmon; Zilphia Garrett; Madge Fairbanks, director; Mabel Heninger; Rae Smith; Fern Spackman; Helen Holt; Mozelle Baker. Emma Dahl, the pianist, is not in the picture.

This band, organized about a year ago, has furnished entertainment for many Relief Society parties and other Church socials. The "musical" instruments are homemade, and many of the tunes are either written or improvised by members of the group.

Lisadore B. Crookston is president of Taylor Stake Relief Society.

**Photograph submitted by Hattie S. Shurtz**

## ST. JOSEPH STAKE (ARIZONA), PIMA WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE A RECORD OF 100 PER CENT FOR TWO YEARS

President Pearl Cluff is seated at the left on the front row; her First Counselor Wyona Bryce is ninth from the left on the front row; Second Counselor Zella McBride stands at the left on the second row; Secretary Fern Alder is at the right on the second row.

Hattie S. Shurtz is president of St. Joseph Stake Relief Society.

**Photograph submitted by Roberta E. Johnson**

## SPOKANE STAKE, MOSCOW (IDAHO) WARD RELIEF SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY PARTY, March 14, 1949

President Gwen Green stands at the center front, immediately behind the birthday cake; at Sister Green's left is her First Counselor Leona Canfield and at Sister Green's right, her Second Counselor Aleen McCowan.

President Edna H. Bennion, Spokane Stake Relief Society, reports: "Located at Moscow, home of the University of Idaho, this group is unusual in Relief Society history. Of its forty-five paid members, twenty-eight are student-wives, who exemplify compassionate service, for they help each other in sickness and share each other's burdens, sorrows, and joys, with the same crusading spirit as their pioneer ancestors. Their youth and enthusiasm, despite financial hardships and crowded housing facilities, have written a new and heroic chapter in Relief Society history."

Photograph submitted by Lileth Peck

LEHI STAKE (UTAH), LEHI FOURTH WARD, SIX RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS HONORED AT REUNION

Left to right: Julia A. Brown, first President, who was set apart in 1904; Lileth G. Peterson; Inez H. Russon; Julia F. Hunter; Velma R. Russon; Hazel C. Roberts, the present president.

The social honoring these devoted sisters was held in connection with the ward Relief Society bazaar. The sisters enjoyed themselves in reminiscing of the past, as they lunched together and viewed the lovely display of fancywork, rugs, and quilts which were exhibited for sale.

Lileth Peck is president of Lehi Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Lula P. Child

WESTERN STATES MISSION, GREELEY (COLORADO) RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, December 4, 1948

Left to right: Second Counselor Julia Mae Kipp; President Emma Lou Bibby; Thelma McDaniel; Secretary-Treasurer Birdie Blackburn.

Lula P. Child, President, Western States Mission Relief Society, reports that the sisters held this bazaar in one corner of a grocery store: "They are very proud and happy at what was accomplished, not only in uniting the group, but in raising enough money to finance their organization."

Photograph submitted by Reva F. Wicker

SOUTH DAVIS STAKE (UTAH), BOUNTIFUL THIRD WARD RELIEF SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY PARTY, March 17, 1949

Standing, left: Eveline B. Bjorkman, author of the anniversary dramatization, "The Organization of the First Relief Society."

Standing, fourth from left, Ireta A. Page, ward Relief Society president.

The dramatization, following the authentic history of the occasion, was beautifully written and effectively produced. Preceding the play, a delicious hot dinner was served to one hundred guests.

Reva F. Wicker is president of South Davis Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Nina J. Langford

SOUTH OGDEN STAKE (UTAH), OGDEN TWENTY-EIGHTH WARD ACHIEVES 100 PER CENT VISITING TEACHING RECORD FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS

Front row, beginning seventh from the left: Second Counselor Grace West; President Leona King; First Counselor Addren Isaacson.

Second row, at left: class leader Anna Critchlow; and beginning third from right: Stake Relief Society President Reka Parker and her Second Counselor Dessa Richins.

Fourth row, at right: First Counselor, South Ogden Stake Relief Society, Erma Jacobs.

On March 16, 1949, these visiting teachers were honored at a social. Miniature dolls, dressed to represent visiting teachers, and wearing the official Relief Society colors, gold and blue, were used as centerpieces for the table. Each visiting teacher was presented with a booklet containing choice writings and poetry. There are sixty-two active visiting teachers in the ward and seven alternates.

Reka Parker is president of South Ogden Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Sarah L. T. Call

BEN LOMOND STAKE (UTAH), PLEASANT VIEW WARD, SEVEN RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Front row, left to right: Emma M. Wade (1929-1934); Eliza H. Rhess (1924-1929); Susanna M. Johns (1923-1924).

Back row, left to right: Mildred R. Cragun (1941-1944); Grace M. Williams (1944-1946); Sarah L. T. Call, present President; Florence H. Jensen (1934-1941).

Of the ten presidents of this ward Relief Society, three have passed away. This photograph was taken at the anniversary party March 17, 1949.

Ora Macfarlane is president of Ben Lomond Stake Relief Society.

# Joanna

(*Continued from page 418*)

The days fled by. Kent Taylor came daily to call for Joanna. There were many houses available, but none of them to give that feeling of arms held out in welcome.

Kent appeared not at all perturbed by her lack of interest in other houses, nor by the unwillingness of the owners to sell *the* house for such a small down payment. "We'll find something, Joanna, and in the meantime I don't know a better way to spend my afternoons until I have to go."

"Go?" Joanna was frightened by the sudden quick beating of her

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heart. Why should it matter to her if Kent Taylor came or went?

"I'm due in Denver. I'm to interview some people for an article. By the way, has anyone been around asking about your products?"

Joanna laughed. "Should they? No one has. But my business is growing. If those people would just wait I would have their old down payment."

"Two thousand dollars is a lot of money."

"It will come," Joanna said.

He turned to her, his hazel eyes probing her own. "Now, what makes you say that?"

"Something secret . . . and special."

"You and your faith! Strange to find a saint in this day and generation. You ought to be wearing a sunbonnet and be pushing a handcart."

Joanna was troubled. "I thought you were one."

"Not me," Kent Taylor said, "not since . . . not for a long while." He came and took her hands. "When will you go out with me, Joanna?"

She pulled nervously away. "I'm much too busy for play. Right now, I've a thousand things to do."

Only to Abigail did she confide the reason. "I'd look a fright, just that old gray suit, and that older dress. My hair is a fright."

Abigail sniffed. "Why don't you buy yourself something, instead of saving for that house you're not going to get? Why don't you get yourself something right glamorous?"

"But we are going to get the house," Joanna said.

IT was on Thursday that the man came. He knocked at the front door, and smiled meagerly when Joanna opened to him. He sniffed the air. "Boston-baked?"

"Yes." Joanna smiled at him, he was such a nervous little man.

"May I come in, Mrs. Niels? I have something of the greatest importance . . . ." He tapped his breast pocket significantly.

Joanna smothered her laughter. "Come right in. I'm afraid you'll have to sit in the kitchen. I was just baking some cakes . . . ."

He followed her in, moving lightly on his small, brilliantly shined shoes. He sat gingerly in the chair and put his hat under it.

Joanna sifted flour and baking powder. "Are you in the real estate business Mr. . . ?"

"Parkinson, Harold Parkinson. . . . No I'm not, Mrs. Niels. I'm with the William Davidson Company. We package foods . . . different foods. You've heard of us?"

Joanna smiled. "Why, of course, on rare occasions, when I've been feeling wealthy I've bought some of your products . . . just to try."

"Ah Indeed! Well, then you know that we are the makers of unusual things to eat . . . or usual things with an unusual flavor."

"I know." Joanna nodded. "Your advertisements make your foods sound . . . romantic . . . as well as good, especially your Fresh-frozen Southern Barbecue. That was really good." She wondered what the little man was selling.

"We would like to buy your recipe for Boston-baked beans, Mrs. Niels."

Joanna slowly put the sifter on

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the table. "What did you say, Mr. Parkinson?"

"Recipe . . . for the Boston-baked beans. Of course, you couldn't sell the beans any more. But I think you would like the way we would put them out. Your name on the product, and a little history on the side of how you came to make it."

"What do you mean, Mr. Parkinson?" She stood still, her eyes on his face.

Mr. Parkinson squirmed a little under the blue blaze of them. "Everybody knows how you came to sell them, Mrs. Niels, of how you were left . . . in poverty . . . and how a kindly neighbor brought you a sack of beans he had been given, and how you started your little business with his gift."

Joanna laughed and rolled her hands in her apron. "Oh, no, Mr. Parkinson . . . I couldn't do that."

He chuckled with her. "I rather thought you would say that. But did you ever think of the women you could help . . . ? A lot of women are left in straitened circumstances . . ."

Joanna stared over his head. "I hadn't thought of that."

"We will give you five thousand dollars for the recipe . . . ."

Joanna looked down at his face. "Did you say *five thousand* dollars?"

"Yes."

There was a burning in Joanna's breast, an aching of tears ready to overflow, a wild, sweet song within her. Other people would call it "luck." But always she would know, beyond the shadow of any doubt, who had sent this man to her, and why he had come.

(To be continued)

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# From Near and Far

Eva Willes Wangsgaard, author of "Points for Poets to Remember," lives in Ogden, Utah, and has had several books of poems published. She has achieved national recognition as a poet of distinction and ability and has won many prizes and awards. She is well known to readers of the *Magazine* for her many fine contributions, especially for her prize-winning poems in the Eliza R. Snow annual contests.

Fay Ollorton Tarlock, Danville, California, author of "Writing the Short Story," was graduated from the Pulitzer School of Journalism, Columbia University. She has had considerable experience in many fields of writing, including advertising, newspaper reporting, children's literature, critical articles, stories, and features. At the University of Wisconsin she made a careful study of Latter-day Saint history and wrote her Master's thesis on newspaper treatment of "Mormonism" in its early years. Our readers are already familiar with the many fine stories and articles which Mrs. Tarlock has written for the *Magazine*.

Sadie Ollorton Clark, (sister of Fay Tarlock) Houston, Texas, author of "El Paso and the Latter-day Saints;" Olive W. Burt, Salt Lake City, author of "Young Hearts Are Fragile;" and Estelle Webb Thomas, Farmington, New Mexico, author of "A Family's a Family," are all names familiar to our readers. We have mentioned them before in this department and we shall have more to say about them in future issues.

Thank you for the lovely setting you gave my poem "Of April Blossoming" (April 1949). I am always proud to have my work appear in the *Magazine*, because I know it is in such good company.

—Renie H. Littlewood,
Brigham City, Utah

*The Relief Society Magazine* has been in our home for years and I have been continually interested in the poetry that is contained in each issue.

—Richard L. Pope, Provo, Utah

Please tell me the point in the story "Compromise" in the March number . . . . What should be brought out?

Mrs. Lucille R. Seely, Mt. Pleasant, Utah

The third prize story "Compromise" in the March issue was intended to serve as a warning and to demonstrate that no compromise can be made by Latter-day Saints with Church standards. The story showed that if parents fail to observe the Word of Wisdom in their homes and fail to set an example of righteous living, they cannot expect their children to observe Church standards but to follow the parents' unrighteous example. Such parents bring condemnation upon themselves and jeopardize the eternal welfare of their children.—Ed.

I have been a subscriber to *The Relief Society Magazine* for unnumbered years. I always read it from cover to cover and invariably enjoy it. Thank you for your fine *Magazine*.

—Melba K. Allen, Goshen, Utah

Those who really enjoy the *Magazine* do not mind the increase in price. My sales have fallen considerably, but over 100 per cent is not so bad. We are having wintry weather in midsummer (January). My husband and I have just returned from a 3,000-mile round trip to visit our son's grave. He was a pilot during the war. The place where his body rests is beautiful beyond description—on a gentle slope, surrounded for miles by fields of long, green, waving corn, and in the background majestic and ageless are the towering, rugged peaks of mighty mountains. . . . The gospel is our only armor. It brings security and peace.

—Elsie F. Parton, Penshurst, Australia

May you have continued success with the *Magazine* which is truly an inspiration to all of us out here.

—Marion D. Clegg, Heber City, Utah

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